Vol. CXLV. No. 1892.

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THE BYSTANDER March 20, 1940.

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The "Bystander's" Going-Out Guide

The Ritz

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"L'ABRI DU RITZ" still shines out its message in safe blue underneath the arches in Piccadilly. Follow the indication of that, go down the stairs towards what you used to know as the Grill (or the Bar perhaps), and you come—at right-time, anyway—to the new "Popote." "La Popote du Ritz" is probably a better full-dress title. But do not take your cue from the "full-dress" part: because, although the great and the expensive come for an evening's dancing there, it remains informal from its opening to the early morning hour when it says good-night.

The artist has again tried to give an impression of what you can expect in the décor line. "La Popote" is a downstairs room strengthened with sandbags galore, struts, cross-beams and all that would delight an architect or builder. The chandeliers seem to be made up of endless dead bottles with candles stuffed in their necks. The dug-out décor may perhaps account for the large number of bemedalled Allied generals who seem to come here to relax. Though the majority of the uniforms were of the Navy when I was there.

The restaurant upstairs still for lunch, of course. And still table-booking then is almost a Must. But in the evenings—particularly Thursdays—down the stairs towards what, etc., etc.

The May Fair

Round the clock

IN the enthusiasm of the praise that one is apt to bestow, very justly, on the May Fair as a restaurant, one should not forget that it is also a most important hotel. I was myself reminded of it when Frank Fisher, the general manager, was talking about the new scheme they're offering (it would have delighted Jorrocks) of "where I eats I sleeps: and where I sleeps I breakfasts." 35/- would have been a lot to pay in his spacious day, even for those privileges. But I call it extremely good now. That includes, for one, dinner or supper, dancing, bed, breakfast and private bathroom. £3 for two. They don't even increase those prices on week-ends, when the place is always a popular seething-ground with Army-leavers forming close columns in the lounges.

Well, Ambrose is part of the reason. Ferraro is part of it. These two keep the restaurant full and cheerful in the evenings. Ronald Frankau will be the floor-show for the next week or so.

I'm not sure that you can ask much more. After all, you are in the middle of things at the May Fair. Remember those terms when you are next up in town for a night. You can have a night out and a sleep-in all under one roof.

I have an apology to make to Miss Polly Ward. Last month I wrote (necessarily in advance) of her appearance in the May Fair cabaret, and I ascribed to her an "act" that was recognisably another's—Miss Paddy Brown's. I must have been daydreaming. For, in my waking hours, I would insist that Miss Ward's performance is always unmistakably and exquisitely her own. Sorry.

Pastori's

Pastori

TURN to the right as you come out after Marlene Dietrich (Leicester Square Cinema), and then right again towards Churchill's gun-shop, and you pass (if you're in a hurry) Pastori's Restaurant on your right. But don't pass it. Go in and meet Pastori again; Pastori whom you knew at Grosvenor House; now on his own ground. Green carpets, deep purple chairs, a low, meandering, comfortable restaurant room on the ground floor of the hotel (the Pastori-Mario Hotel, now in process of redecoration). Almost every one of the tables is against the wall; almost every one is a corner table. Which means very clever room-planning.

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But the food is even better, though it would be silly to suggest that Pastori would allow anything lower than the tops in the food he gave you. Look first on the menu at the Special Dishes Prepared in the Restaurant. About 3/6 apiece complete with garnissage. Five or six to choose from, and four Specialities of the Day besides. Two possible theatre dinners at 5/6 and 7/6, and a whole page of à la Carte if you 're still undecided. Wines—the list speaks for itself and for Pastori. American bar. Lunch and dinner. Dinner only on Sundays.

Although restaurant and hotel are within a niblick shot of all the big cinemas, both are remarkably and beautifully quiet. Watch Pastori's. It is right on the map.

The St. Regis

Marion reads thoughts

Captain Birley, who runs the St. Regis from top to bottom (the St. Regis is primarily a very swagger hotel, with restaurant incorporated primarily to sustain the inhabitants), is obviously as genuinely amazed at Marion's thought-reading coups as I am. And the Captain has had ample opportunity to study Marion from every angle during his act, as Marion is more or less a permanency in the restaurant in the evenings. It is no good booking him for a fortnight or a month, it seems, as patrons of the St. Regis have come to expect him to be on the floor for their entertainment and amazement.

The latest marvel was for the benefit of a private consultant. An aunt had died and some jewels disappeared. Where were they? Marion, working from London, located them behind some rubbish in a cupboard in a house in the country. Nice work, especially as Marion hadn't met the aunt, seen the house, the rubbish or the jewels. I suggest the Admiralty get in touch with Marion to help them with the U-boats.

It leaves us little room to talk of the excellence of the St. Regis itself, the hotel and the restaurant: the kindness and efficiency of Captain Birley, the service-with-a-smile of Dini at lunch, dinner and supper; the good work of the band, and the pleasant way in which you find that a £1 note covers the best of everything for two.

Hatchett's

Flowers by Hatchett's

"I wonder who does their flowers?" said my companion, lost in admiration (I was surprised nobody had taken her to Hatchett's before). I didn't know, but I passed most of the credit—I hope justly—to Boscasso behind his back. "This is nice," she said. "Don't look now, but isn't that———?" "Yes," I said, "and over there that 's———." "I wonder who this is?" she said. "He looks like an ambassador or something." "That," I said, "is Boscasso."

Hatchett's is very busy these wartime days and nights. From the snack-bar and bar in Dover Street, down through the restaurant, and up again towards Piccadilly and the all-male bar (which is so thickly populated by service folk and bush-whackers on leave). In the evenings, too, after a pause for theatre dinners, Arthur Young in person brings on his Swingtet in all their glory; and the dancing goes on deep into the night.

Delicious food, a top-flight wine list, perfect service from a staff that does not change. Specialities of the Day (and a separate list of lighter fare for ladies) or à la Carte. A 300-year-old restaurant with up-to-the-minute ideas. And very kind prices. For Heaven's sake book a table for late dinner and/or supper.

Oddenino's

The Western Brothers

On the 25th of this month Ted Ray ("fiddling and fooling") will be on the stand to ensure your amusement in the restaurant of Oddenino's. Continuing the Oddenino policy of keeping the changes rung, at the beginning of April they present the Western Brothers, for a couple of weeks. I am given to understand that they have got some new songs up their faultless sleeves for the benefit of us all when we go and hear them there. On the 14th Ronald Frankau came. And so it goes on: head-liners all the time.

Prices at Oddenino's are not allowed to get above themselves just because there is a war on. For 8/6 you can take the evening's enjoyment in your stride. And that includes food from one of the most thoughtful popular kitchens in London. Dancing to Roy Wallis's band. Well into the early hours. And M. Biry present, or in the background, to see that every little thing runs smoothly for you. Lunch and dinner in the Brasserie across the way, too, and a good little cocktail rendezvous for meals between the two, restaurant and brasserie. You know the entrance from Regent Street. Down the stairs from there. You 're welcome.

Bellometti's le Perroquet

START with your Knowns, the Friends of the Perroquet, people who have been feeding at Bellometti's tables for perhaps fourteen years on and off. Bellometti reckons that these account for 95 per cent. of the meals he serves. The other 5 per cent. are newcomers whom, just that once, Bellometti cannot greet by name. It is not a big acreage of restaurant. Twenty or twenty-five tables. And it would need some smart mass-observers to estimate the number of the Friends, let alone their average rating in Burke. So to whom shall I say "Go to Le Perroquet"? I shall say it to myself, on my birthday, perhaps; I shall say "Go and have a glass of that very dry sherry; start the meal with something out of a shell from the trolley that is wheeled to you. Ask Bellometti what the next is to be, and let him persuade you about the wine. Whatever your sweet, have a devilled savoury, with a glass of this and that to follow." For perfect coincidence of delights I would suggest going first after two months' jaundice, during that fortnight of huge hunger when you 're making up for lost opportunities. It was on such an occasion that I went there recently. Any food tasted good then, but Bellometti's offerings were ambrosia and nectar.

N.B.—On the south-east corner of Leicester Square; not Sundays; best book table for dinner.

Leoni's Quo Vadis

IN a little booklet that Leoni has had printed, and which tells you in several thousands of words more than I can in 200, it is written: "At the beginning Leoni struggled to attract and hold clients who preferred a kitchen, unique and choice, to a gilded restaurant with a mediocre band. First the artists and authors came, and then the fame of the Quo Vadis spread to diplomatic and social circles. To-day . . . epicures of every distinguished class."

Art critic at Leoni's

I am no dissentient. I have loved Leoni's ever since I was old enough to be allowed to love my food. It is deep in Soho, for one thing. For another, I have seen it expand from a room and a kitchen to two floors and kitchens (in the plural). Leoni always treats me as though I were an important person instead of just a hungry customer. I think he does that to everybody; but I like to believe that he only makes the mistake with me. I like the art gallery round the walls downstairs, and the murals upstairs. And I like the sound of my own voice when I have a glass or two of Leoni's Italian wine under my belt. I like Leoni.

His menu is a crowded affair, and I am apt to feel rushed if the waiter stands waiting for my order on presenting it. Give me ten minutes and a special Leoni cocktail, and then I 'll show you a meal. Lunch and dinner, and Sundays, too. Prices are high for Soho, but agreeably low for what you get.

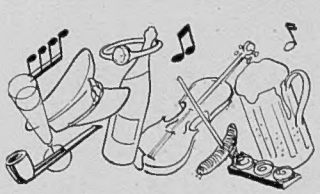
The New Queen's

LAST month I told you that the gracious bosses of the New Queen's Brasserie had re-inaugurated the 3/6 Eat-As-Much-As-You-Can lunch. This month I chose a day when I had skimped breakfast and had plenty of time and room for lunch; and I went to the New Queen's. I dare not tell you all I had as you would immediately think it was a schoolboy writing this column. But by card prices it came to considerably more than 10s. And I enjoyed every moment of it and after it. If everybody went along in that spirit of enquiry, I am sure the purpose of the lunch would be defeated. But do remember the New Queen's for its food as well as the quantity of it. Ladies are apt to remember it, also, for the violin of Java, as well as for its light salads and quick service.

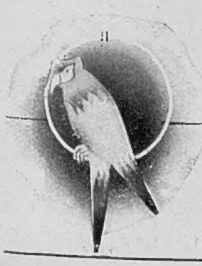
In the evenings—well, you probably know the Brasserie in the evenings. It is a unique spot in London; a place where you can eat, drink and be merry in the blessed knowledge that to-morrow you 'll be rounding up another party to go there again. Singing, beer, savouries, pipes, uniforms, large groups, small groups, twosomes, singletons, and more beer and more singing.

The New Queen's deserves every bit of its very obvious success.

EDAX.



All at the New Queen's



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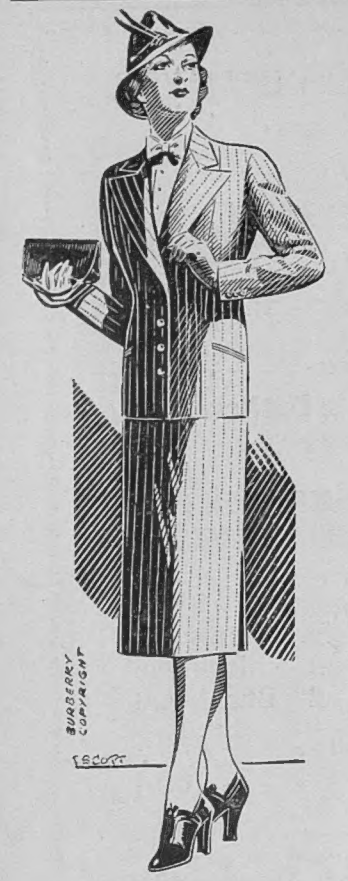

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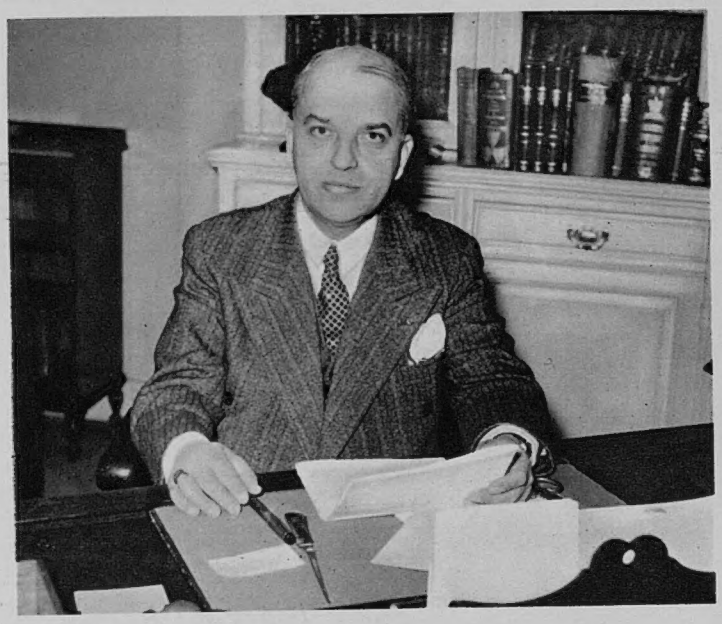
The Bystander

Angus McBean

Celia Johnson — Heroine of "Rebecca"

Daphne du Maurier has made her best-selling novel into a play, keeping very closely to her own original story of the girl who marries a Cornish land-owner as his second wife and nearly has her happiness and her mental balance wrecked by the sinister influence her predecessor Rebecca left behind her. Celia Johnson (wife of author-traveller Peter Fleming) has been chosen to play young Mrs. de Winter, and the part should give her sensitive, imaginative talent an admirable opportunity. Owen Nares plays Maxim de Winter, a role for which John Gielgud was originally cast when the play was first planned before the war, the evil housekeeper, Mrs. Danvers, is Margaret Rutherford, and C. V. France is also in the cast. George Devine produced, Roger Furse did the decor, and *Rebecca* will come to London after a short provincial tour which began at Manchester last Monday week. It has been filmed in Hollywood, with Laurence Olivier and Joan Fontaine



New Brazilian Ambassador: Senhor Dr. Moniz de Aragão arrived in London about three weeks ago to take charge of Brazilian affairs in Great Britain. He succeeds Senhor Dr. Regis de Oliveira. He was Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in Brazil in 1934-5, then became Ambassador to Germany, so he knows that country well under the Hitler régime

New Fire Engine for Finland: Mme. de Gripenburg, the indefatigable wife of the Finnish Minister in London, christened (with champagne) a fire engine which was to be sent to Finland, with attendant voluntary firemen, to deal with the effects of Russian bombs. This was a day or two before the announcement that Finland had accepted the Russian peace terms

The Passing Hour

Wartime Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

THE release of the Italian coal-ships was unexpected, and at first was heavily criticised in certain quarters. But the moment the reasons for the decision and the results of the decision were published, all reasonable objection fell to the ground. For one thing, the sudden cordiality between London and Rome exactly coincided with Ribbentrop's arrival from Berlin, and for another, it appears that there had been a genuine misapprehension by Italy about the time for clearance for Italian ships in Dutch ports, and that the whole episode was a misunderstanding. In return for the ships, Italy is not to import any more German coal.

MR. G. T. GARRATT, the *Manchester Guardian's* special correspondent who has just returned from Finland, is of opinion that the Finns could have made a most effective counter-attack if they had had another sixty thousand well-equipped men. This would have provided reliefs on the Mannerheim Line, so that the troops, who had been relieved for a week or two, could have been at work digging new trenches, and it could have made a most useful strategical thrust north of Lake Ladoga. As I write, the negotiations are still going on in Moscow, and, of course, I have no idea whether the Finns are going to hold out on the chance of getting sixty thousand fresh soldiers from somewhere, or whether they are going to chuck it.

THE future of the Public Schools has cropped up again, and some people are, as usual, gloomily predicting the end of their existence within a few years, owing to financial stringency and the falling birth-rate. A more cheerful note was struck by Beachcomber, who assures us that Dr. Smart Allick looks forward to the future with confidence. "We believe," says the famous Doctor, "that if the masters have plenty of money, the paying of standard fees by parents is not important. Very often by a skilful use of knowledge acquired from a son we have been able to get more out of the parent in one whack than we should have got from fees spread over four years. In schoolmastering, as in every other trade, the important thing is to smell the money out and then collar it." I do not think, however, that Dr. Smart Allick has been invited to speak at the Headmasters' Conference.

MR. LEES-SMITH, speaking on this very subject in the House, only mentioned Rugby, Charterhouse, Uppingham and Marlborough, but Sir Annesley Somerville weighed in with a powerful defence of Eton, and drew an almost pathetic picture of Eton's poverty. The College used to own a hundred acres of land north and south of Piccadilly, but Henry VIII. pinched it, as he pinched so many other good things. Sir Annesley was compelled to admit, however, that no working-class children were at Eton to-day.

IN this same debate on education, Mr. Kenneth Lindsay, in a brilliant speech, appealed to the House and to the country at large to understand that an extraordinary revolution is going on all round us at this moment. He quoted William Cobbett, "the man who witnessed the perishing of the English peasantry and the birth of the industrial revolution," who saw with his own eyes and within the compass of ten years, properties, laws, manners, minds and characters changed. "Evacuation," said Mr. Lindsay, "has brought about on a small scale a kind of un-industrial revolution. Within six months the minds, the manners, the outlook and certainly the physique of the evacuated children have changed."

Mr. Lindsay then went on to describe how he went to the first Sunday lunch of a camp school. There were two hundred boys from Ilford, and after the meal the boys went off in twos and threes, and were lost discovering things for themselves. At 10 o'clock that morning they had filled the village church, a novel sight for the village.

THE new War Minister was asked in the House of Commons the other day whether he was aware that in the case of camps on the outskirts of Glasgow the men have not had their blankets washed for over four months. In his reply he might well have quoted the immortal story in Major-General Beith's *The First Hundred Thousand*. A Highland regiment was having its blankets disinfected in the Foden-Thresh disinfector, and two of the Jocks are examining their blankets after the operation is over. One of them, looking closely, observes: "Man, they 're a' there yet," and the other replies: "Aye, but they must have gotten an awfae fricht."

ANYONE who is interested in the tactics of modern warfare as invented and developed in the last war, should read a book which has just

come out, called *If Germany Attacks*, by Captain G. C. Wynne (Faber and Faber). It is a study of the defence by depth, which was the main German contribution to the tactics of the last war, and on which the modern Siegfried Line is based. Captain Wynne's conclusion, reached before this war started, is that the Maginot Line is less strong than the Siegfried, because it is organised in line and not in depth. But the Allies have had time to remedy that by now.

LORD CRAWFORD was one of the finest types of old-fashioned aristocrat. He was in the direct line from the eighteenth-century nobleman who made the Grand Tour to Italy and came back loaded with the works of art which for so long adorned the "stately homes of England," and, in many cases, still do, in spite of wars and taxation. He was Chairman of the Royal Fine Arts Commission, and a friend of any attempt to save beautiful things for the nation. But not even Lord Crawford could save Waterloo Bridge from the vandalism of the London County Council.

RETURNING for one moment to that notable victory of the Vandal hosts under Field-Marshal Herbert Morrison, M.P., an echo of it came to me not so long ago. A distinguished Civil Servant told me that he had made a special pilgrimage to examine Rennie's bridge before it was pulled down, and he could see nothing beautiful in it whatsoever, and that he was delighted with Morrison's success. We got just the same sort of remarks from Civil Servants about Nash's noble façade in the Mall, during the battle of Carlton House Terrace. No wonder it is an up-hill job saving bits of beautiful England.

THERE was an interesting theatrical first-night last week, when Marlowe's *Dr. Faustus* was produced at the Rudolph Steiner Theatre. It was the first revival since its original production three hundred and fifty years ago. Another interesting theatrical event of the week was the first production of Mr. Sean O'Casey's new play, *The Star Turns Red*, which was performed by amateurs at the Unity Theatre.

SIR CHARLES HAGBERG WRIGHT was Librarian of the London Library for forty-seven years, and he made it the great institution which it is to-day. It had been his ambition to be still in command in 1941, the centenary year, but he died a few days ago at the age of seventy-seven. He must have been as nearly perfect a librarian as it is possible to be. His celebrated assistant, Mr. Cox, has almost completed his fiftieth year with the Library, and yearly grows more infallible.

THERE is warm controversy raging about Mr. John Gielgud's production of *The Beggar's Opera*, and much comparison with that former production of Sir Nigel Playfair at Hammersmith. On the one side, the old-stagers accuse the Haymarket production of being arty-crafty, whereas the Glyndebourne enthusiasts enjoy the highbrow performance of to-day, and jeer at Playfair for playing down to his audience. I confess myself to be one of the old-stagers, and I never had the slightest objection to Sir Nigel playing down to me.

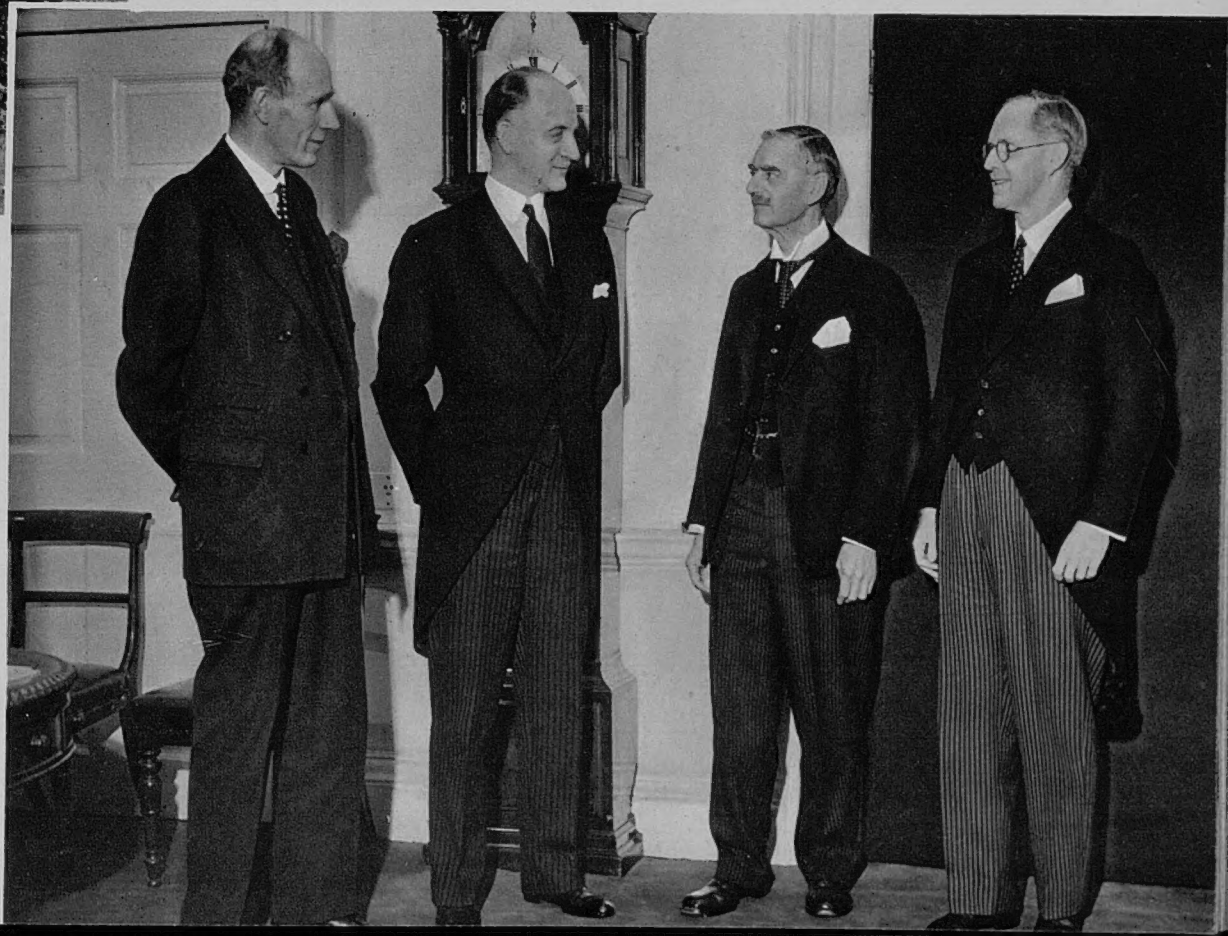
TED RAY, the genial giant who has been golf professional at the Oxhey Club since 1912, the year the Club was founded, is resigning owing to ill-health. He was one of the most popular golf professionals who ever lived, and he was famous for his enormous hitting and his spectacular recoveries with a huge niblick. Yet for so big and powerful a man, he had a most delicate touch on and around the green. One of the very few good golfing stories is told about Ray. He was playing with an amateur at Oxhey and he was left with a putt of one foot on the last green to halve the match. Ray put his putter back into his bag, pulled out his tobacco-pouch, and started to walk towards the club-house. To his astonishment he looked round and saw the amateur standing pensively on the green, gazing at Ray's ball. Ray came back and said, indignantly, "You surely don't want me to hole that, sir?"; to which the amateur replied, "No, I don't, Ted, but you 've damned well got to try."

AND now nothing remains this week except to wish you all a happy and cheerful Easter, with the weather as fine with you as it is here with me to-day. I have just been strolling in St. James's Park, and the yellow crocuses are in full swing, and people are sitting on the chairs under the trees.

Round the Restaurants

The "Bystander" monthly Going-Out Guide—"Dinner, Dance, and Cabaret"—will be found on pages A to C before the Frontispiece.

Australian Premier *Robert Gordon Menzies was photographed during a recent brief holiday with his wife and three children, Kenneth, Ian and Heather. Mr. Menzies returned to deal with the question of a coalition between his United Australia Party and the Country Party*



American Envoy in London: *after hearing Italian, German and French opinions (in that order) on the war, Mr. Sumner Welles arrived in London on March 10th to listen to Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Halifax and also Opposition leaders. He was photographed at 10, Downing Street with the Foreign Secretary, the Prime Minister, and the American Ambassador, Mr. Joseph Kennedy. Mr. Roosevelt's handsome, silent envoy now knows more about the intentions, hopes and fears of the leaders of three belligerent and one neutral country than any man in the world—but has dropped no hint of what he thinks of it all*

"The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex"

Hollywood Remakes English History

*1. **Elizabeth** is played by Bette Davis in a red wig. Here she rebukes Essex on his triumphant return from Spain for letting the Spaniards scuttle their treasure fleet while he won glory by storming Cadiz*

*2. **Essex** is a handsome young blade, lightly moustached and bearded, played by Errol Flynn. After his return from Spain he and the Queen quarrel violently over politics and themselves, but are soon tenderly reconciled. Elizabeth has important work for Essex to do, but does not wish him to accept the far-away task of reducing the Irish rebel, Tyrone, to subjection*

*3. **Enemies of Essex** trick him into becoming head of the expedition to Ireland, where they are determined he shall be disgraced by failure. Burleigh, Cecil, Coke and Raleigh head the anti-Essex faction*

*4. **Letters** and despatches between Elizabeth and Essex in Ireland are intercepted, Lady Penelope Gray (Olivia de Havilland), a lady-in-waiting, being persuaded by Sir Robert Cecil (Henry Daniell; centre) to tamper with the lovers' private correspondence*

*5. **Defeated** by Tyrone, Essex comes back to England, the misunderstanding over the letters is cleared up, and Essex is in favour again. Secure beyond question, as he thinks, in Elizabeth's affections, he determines to wipe out by success in England his failure in Ireland, and plays with the idea he might become king*

6. ***Friend*** *of Essex is Francis Bacon (Donald Crisp); he warns him of the Irish plot and mediates between Essex and Elizabeth. But when Essex falls from favour, Bacon deserts him*

7. ***Revolt*** *by Essex comes near to success, and he seizes Elizabeth's palace, but after he has been persuaded to disband his men the Queen has him imprisoned. He is tried and convicted of treason, and condemned to death*

The title *The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex* was suggested to Warners by Charles Laughton *(The Private Life of King Henry VIII.)* after *Elizabeth the Queen* had been rejected by Errol Flynn because it omitted Essex, *The Knight and the Lady* was found unacceptable to Queen Bette Davis, *Elizabeth and Essex* had been rejected to avoid paying 10,000 dollars to the late Lytton Strachey's heirs for the title of his book. The film is based on Maxwell Anderson's 1930 play, *Elizabeth the Queen*, and much of the dialogue is his. History has as usual been rewritten or rearranged to suit the screen's demand for drama. But American critics have praised the performances of Bette Davis and Errol Flynn as the old Queen and the young Essex, and have commented favourably on the colour processing. London audiences can see the picture from Friday at the Warner Theatre, and can compare it with Korda's *Fire Over England* (1937)

8. ***Last meeting*** *between Elizabeth and Essex takes place on the day of his execution. She summons him to her apartments, offers him forgiveness, his life, and even a share of power. But Essex refuses and goes to his death, leaving Elizabeth alone, listening to the drum-beats that cease dramatically when the axe falls. Elizabeth, who was sixty-seven when Essex died, has had a good few years deducted from her age to make her relationship with Essex more appealing to film audiences*

People in the News

BABY-DANDLERS

There are quintuplets in "Nap Hand," the farce at the Aldwych, but they're only dolls. To be realistic for publicity, the management collected five real babies one day and Ralph Lynn and Bertha Belmore posed with them. Two of the babies howled with disgust, two looked placid, one peered round doubtfully. In "Nap Hand" Mr. Lynn pretends to be the father of five, Miss Belmore as the nurse assists in the deception (reviewed by Mr. Farjeon last week)

CHARITY ACTORS

Ralph Richardson appeared at the great Red Cross matinée at the Palace Theatre last week as King Henry V., had John Gielgud (who, of course, also appeared) advise him on the set of his helmet before the dress rehearsal. The King and Queen were present at this matinée, for which the biggest galaxy of stars was collected since the Henry Irving matinée in 1938

MANNEQUIN

Lady Marguerite Strickland is now a saleswoman-mannequin in a London dress shop, was photographed in a spectacular dinner dress of white and green. She is the Earl of Darnley's daughter, from some angles is rather like Katharine Hepburn, last appeared in the "Bystander" helping with the evacuation of poor people's pets in the autumn

C.B.E.

Seton Gordon, the Scottish naturalist, received his C.B.E. from the King at a recent Buckingham Palace investiture. He has written a great many books on the Highlands and on bird life, is also an expert nature photographer. Another of his interests is pipe-playing, he is a member of the Scottish Pipers' Society and the Piobaireachd Society. Lives in Skye

WAR ARTISTS

Edward Ardizzone, now a second lieutenant in the Royal Artillery, has been chosen one of the four official war artists appointed by the War Office. Ardizzone is thirty-nine, has two pictures in the Tate. His work became well known to the general public through his poster-designing for big business corporations

" Old Bill " kicked off at a match in aid of the Lord Mayor's Red Cross and St. John Fund between the R.A.F. and the Iver F.C. at Iver, Bucks. " Old Bill " is Morland Graham, the actor who is playing that part in " Old Bill and Son," the picture being made by Legeran Films around Bruce Bairnsfather's two creations. John Mills is Young Bill

Mary Ellis took part in an excerpt from Noel Coward's " Conversation Piece," with Rex Harrison as her partner. With her here watching the dress rehearsal is her husband, Pilot-Officer Jock Roberts. He is her fourth husband. The matinée started with a prologue by Christopher Hassall, spoken by Madge Titheradge, and had as finale a specially written play by Clemence Dane, with Godfrey Tearle and Leslie Howard in leading parts

Left : another famous actor in a famous role at the Lord Mayor's Red Cross and St. John Fund matinée was Robert Donat as Mr. Chips, the part he played in the film version of James Hilton's " Good-bye, Mr. Chips " (Leslie Banks acted it for the stage version)

Barnett Freedman is another of the official war artists who rank as official correspondents ; all the work executed during the period of their appointments belongs to the Crown. Freedman is thirty-eight, is also widely known for his poster designing, has pictures in the Helsinki Fine Arts Museum among many other galleries, designed the George V. Jubilee postage stamp

R. G. Eves, R.A., was the first painter appointed to serve with the B.E.F. as a war artist. He is sixty-three, said " it is something of an adventure at my age, but I am looking forward to it tremendously," expects to paint portraits. The fourth artist chosen for the War Office by the Artists Advisory Council, under Sir Kenneth Clark's chairmanship, is Edward Bawden

These Clever People . . .

3. Painters and Writers

Suzanne Beadle *was Suzanne Bechely-Crundall before her marriage at nineteen to a Somersetshire hunting man thirty-four years her senior. She commutes between week-ends on Exmoor with her husband and her studio in S.W.10. Her portrait of Sir Edwin Lutyens' daughter, Mrs. Anthony Sewell, was at the United Artists, entitled "The Authoress." The Salon gave her a silver medal last year. Her work is sombre in temperament, though gay in colour. She yearns to go to Rumania and draw Polish refugees. Her present sitter is W. P. Robins, the celebrated etcher. Her master was Septimus Power, the great Australian*

Suzanne Beadle

David Jagger *(Jagger to his family and friends) has solved the present portrait-painting deadlock by boldly doing heads of men in the Services for seventy-five guineas. His first was Tony Truran, R.A.F., the son of Mrs. Ronnie Gilbey. He is also working on a portrait of his beautiful wife against a stormy sky, in a cardinal's red felt hat, red velvet draperies and contemporary platinum foxes—an exciting composition. The Jagger Family Exhibition—a selection of his late brother's bronzes, his own portraits and their sister, Edith Jagger's, flower paintings—is now touring his native Yorkshire, will soon be in London. His son Brian, too young for the Army, is on the land*

David Jagger

Mrs. Humbert Wolfe *(Jessica Wolfe), widow of the poet, only began to paint a few years ago, yet critics find her work technically excellent and particularly mature. Born in Haddington and brought up in Edinburgh, she has never lost her attractive Scotch sing-song voice. She paints in her top-floor flat in Mount Street, where a recent sitter was novelist Helen Simpson. Her last and favourite portrait of her husband was on view at the Stafford Gallery recently, another is at the Poetry Society, 33, Portman Square. Later the Stafford will house her first one-man show*

Mrs. Humbert Wolfe

Eva Sawyer *(Mrs. Eric Palmer) paints under her maiden name, has a studio flat in Ennismore Gardens, where her husband, who is in aviation production, houses his distinguished collection of pictures. Her pastel portraits of well-knowns always attracted attention at routine exhibitions before the war. Now she is doing one of Mrs. "Jock" Whyte-Melville-Skeffington, Lord Massereene's daughter-in-law. She is a great-great granddaughter of the subject of Greuze's greatest picture, shown at the Eighteenth-Century Beauties Exhibition in 1938. Her own copy of this masterpiece is an attractive possession in the Palmer home*

Eva Sawyer

Betty Askwith, *frequent collaborator in authorship with Theodora Benson, bought this lovely Utrillo of the Sacré Cœur herself; it decorates her living-room in Hasker Street. Her first biography, a study of Keats, will be published in April. She has wanted to write about Keats ever since she was a child; but for the war would be spending the winter in Rome, where she had planned to write the last chapters. Her father, Lord Askwith, first baron, is remembered as the "Railway Strike Settler"*

The Hon. Betty Askwith

Gilbert Barker *is the youngest son of the Squire of Stanlake Park, a former Master of the Garth Hounds. The Barkers, a large and devoted family, inherit their father's country interests, their mother's artistic leanings. Mr. Barker's biography of Watteau enjoyed a succès d'estime, his first novel, "Song Without Words," comes out in April. Owing to ill health he used to live on the Riviera, where, to relieve the tedium of a semi-invalid existence, he ran a library in Monte Carlo which rivalled the Paris bar as a meeting-place for the British colony and visitors*

Gilbert Barker

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"Well, you would *insist on Berchtesgaden for our honeymoon"*

HAS it dawned on you yet that there will be no Hannay in this war, and that so far there is nobody to take his place—not that anybody ever could be a real substitute for that paladin, who makes every other dashing military hero in fiction, not excluding D'Artagnan and Cyrano de Bergerac, look like a provincial verger with toothache? The lamented death of his creator dashed our personal expectations badly. It was obvious that before very long Buchan would have to summon Colonel Richard Hannay, C.B., D.S.O., etc., etc., out of retirement and launch him at Britain's enemies again. We 'd been picturing the Colonel (now, or shortly, General) as very little changed; still wiry and lean, owing to constant squash and riding, still bronzed, owing to an open-air life—aided possibly by electrical treatment—a trifle balder, perhaps, but fit as a flea and ramping for more of the rough stuff. We saw him in our mind's eye striding out of Whitehall on one more desperate secret mission, and a month later, disguised as a Bactrian camel, plunging belly-deep through the snowy passes of Baluchistan, having just three weeks to discover the secret of the mysterious Aberdeen boglewife and to join Sandy Arbuthnot at the doss-house of One-Eyed Achmet by the Gate of Peacocks in Zagazig. He 'd get there, naturally, by the skin of his teeth, and the hunt would be up; and if you think we 're looking down our well-shaped beak at Hannay and his adventures, you err. We re-read *Greenmantle* and *Mr. Standfast*, among others, once a year at least, wallowing joyously not only in the murky intrigue but the fine strong meaty he-prose. It may be that Hannay owed a bit to his long-armed girl-friend Popsy Coincidence, who was generally on the spot at the right moment, but what of it? Who writes such grand stuff now? You can't answer it.

Rap

TOUGH luck, we thought sympathetically, on Admiral Byrd, who is marooned in the Antarctic and cabling in vain for £60,000, which the Washington boys don't want to give him because he has been endorsing brands of cigarettes and tooth-paste, among other publicity activities, they aver. Why this normal procedure should suddenly set their backs up we can't imagine. Everybody who is anybody in America has endorsed something or other at some time. We even remember when half the Four Hundred were photographed enthusiastically reading, or at least holding, a Borzoi Book, the trade mark of the eminent publishing house of Knopf. No London publisher has ever had the nous to rope Society into the booksy racket, so far. Maybe the boys have been told duchesses can't read. As if that mattered.

Such libels, incidentally, are generally spread about by literary hacks who meet rich women at parties and call on them next day with a presentation copy of their new book, gushingly inscribed. If asked to call again a few months later—which is rare—they see their book lying about with its pages still uncut, and this discourages them. (In New York a footman is detailed to cut the pages—the New World has different standards.) The booksy boy then goes away and writes a bitter work against rich women, saying they are gilded playthings, rotten to the core. This pleases the rich women and they take him up again, only to drop him instantly when something more amusing comes along, such as a new breed of pet monkey. The booksy boy then goes away and writes an even more bitter work against rich women saying they are gaudy slaves, parasites, and empty pleasure-crazed dolls, and as nobody takes any notice whatsoever this time it simply lands the booksy boy in trouble with his publisher over that £100 advance. Thus Life goes relentlessly on; diastole and systole; ebb and flow; cloud and sunshine; profit and loss.

"But now let us talk about you. *What did* you *think of my last film?"*

Contretemps

THE next tenant of beautiful oak-panelled Lamb House, Rye, now vacant again by the death of E. F. Benson, may find the atmosphere a trifle overpowering unless he has booksy addictions, we dare suggest, Henry James having lived there before A. C. and E. F. Benson and drenched the place in exquisite literary refinement and sensibility. E. F. Benson put Lamb House into a jolly novel called *Miss Mapp*, satirising Rye society immediately after the Great War, and probably got a few dirty looks from the Beau Monde of that lovely little old town, of which he became Mayor. But the most dreadful thing that ever happened in Rye was an incident during a state afternoon call paid in the early 1900's by Henry James, frock-coated and top-hatted, to the Chestertons, who were living next door. For just as Mr. James was making conversation of the most dignified, subtle,

delicate, allusive, melodious and Jamesian kind, there was a terrific bellowing in the garden and in rolled Mr. Hilaire Belloc, M.P. for South Salford, with a friend out of the Foreign Office, ragged, unshaven, dirty, penniless, and roaring for beer, for they had been tramping in France, had spent their last money on the boat-ticket, and had just walked from Dover. The agonised bewilderment of Henry James was evident under his perfect manners. He had, said Chesterton, fled America because he so loved European culture, and there across the tea-table was European culture in reality, "shameless above all shades of poverty and wealth, sprawling, indifferent, secure." The unfortunate gentleman from Boston (rather a snob, alas!) took some time to get over that, but he eventually led the conversation on to such safe topics as the profound wisdom of *The Times* and the piercing wit of *Punch*, and all was well.

Change

DECKING the current revival of *The Beggar's Opera* in the style of 1820 is admirable, in our unfortunate view, but it doesn't go quite far enough. The essence of smart modernity being the rejection and destruction of authority of every sort, the fact that every line of Gay's masterpiece is irrevocably stamped 1728 obviously couldn't be tolerated to begin with. But why stop at sticking it into the Jane Austen period? (we thought). It looks to us as if the boys lacked nerve, almost. Ten years on (1830) and Macheath could have held up the Rocket. A hundred years on (1920) and the whole thing could be played in modern clothes—what sounds better than a typical Augustan line in the mouth of a chap in a tuxedo, cocktail-glass in hand, unless it 's a typical Shakespearean line?—or no clothes at all. We 're not "getting at" the Glyndebourne boys, we 're rallying them gently, because we don't think they 've done themselves or the Zeitgeist justice. It was our feeling, after seeing the Playfair-Fraser production of the 1920's for the tenth time, that the entire show was so like what Gay originally intended as to be pitiable. We didn't say as much to Playfair because we liked and admired him too much, but oh, dear Heaven! The whole production stank of that reactionary respect for the classics which the Left Wing boys of to-day would instantly recognise and denounce as Fascism. That 's a thought, too. It wasn't a whole-time vogue-word in those days, and we audiences didn't know it, but that 's what we were—Fascists, the whole darned Hammersmith gang, from the Cabinet Ministers and intelligentsia down to the twittering Chelsea and Bloomsbury sweethearts in their Spanish shawls and high combs. Fie! Faugh!

Racket

THE tonsil trade is falling off, owing to the war, according to a Harley Street spy. It is one of the luxury rackets—not everybody can afford to have children detonsilised at the fashionable rates—and in a large number of cases it is entirely unnecessary. Nobody seems to know who made it fashionable, as Edward VII. started the appendicitis vogue. Anyhow, the Harley Street boys cashed in on it, and who shall blame them? In the brave days just before the (present) war, when the Street of Gold was so overcrowded that many tiny specialists had hardly room to leap at a duchess's viscera, a tonsil operation took hardly any space and no time at all. That was when fifteen or twenty surgeons, mostly living in the remote suburbs and coming up daily, would have one consulting-room between them, a plate each on the door, and a Harley Street address on the bill. It was difficult sometimes for a child with tonsils to get in such a room at all. Sometimes a child with tonsils got in and got out ten minutes later minus a leg, owing to hurry and fuss. Smart women were constantly and shrilly complaining, amid the heat and din and the struggling mob of specialists, of having portions of themselves removed, as it were, haphazard and wholesale. You 'd see them sitting along the kerbs of Harley Street, still dazed, gingerly feeling themselves all over. One well-known Mayfair hostess is still walking about with an extra leg, grafted on her while knocked unconscious during a scrimmage. A few days ago somebody was urging that now is the time to purge Harley Street of the medicine-men entirely. Anybody bold enough to try it will probably be torn in five pieces by raving dowagers, a chap was telling us.

Pet

ONE of the Australian battalions has an Angora rabbit as a regimental mascot, we read. The rabbit's name is Rudolph and he wears a red velvet coat. A certain amount of heart-burning has probably been caused by this news-item in the ranks of a certain London regiment which, as we mentioned some time ago, has an actress for a mascot, and other regiments which have been offered one, but have declined, will probably feel they were right. An actress is not an ideal regimental pet. As compared with a rabbit, her attractions are few. She can rarely twitch her nostrils or twiddle her ears, her food is expensive, her toilette elaborate, and her temper often capricious. Gay prattle at one moment, girlish sulks the next, silvery laughter followed by silent mulish obstinacy or an even more terrible fascination—these are not the marks of a good weatherproof all-the-year-round mascot, like the Welch Regiment's goat of fond and fragrant memory as we 've said before (it also has gilded horns). On the very morning of a ceremonial parade an actress may be reported missing, which means a search-party (6 men, 1 lce.-cpl.) and a subsequent lunch-time scuffle at the Ivy. An Angora rabbit would not let the regiment down like this. Maybe an actress prancing at the end of a silver chain has sensation-value, like the lobster Gérard de Nerval used to lead round Paris on a blue silk ribbon, but any regiment with tradition requires something more than this rather meretricious appeal. And finally, as Gladstone said to Our Dumb Friends' League in 1865, when you 've seen one actress you 've seen 'em all.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"I hardly think this lot require patching, Sir"

More Fragments From France : By Bruce Bairnsfather

"Mind what yer doin' to that wall, son. Remember it 'll be me what 's left behind to put France back as we found it, when all this is over"

Films of the Day

Mines—Coal and Diamonds

By George Campbell

ONE'S first reaction to *The Proud Valley* is that it comes a little too late or too early. If we hadn't seen *The Citadel* and *The Stars Look Down*, it would have been pretty terrific. But one Welsh mining valley, one pit scene, looks very much like another; and once again we watch, with respect and awe, risks taken and disaster faced with a valour that would win the Victoria Cross for men in uniform. The resemblance extends to at least four of the characters—the ambitious boy, his kindly father, his loyal fiancée, and one of the snooping, grasping women so often etched in acid by Caradoc Evans. This time she is the village postmistress, steaming open private letters with the skill of long practice.

Here the coincidences end. In *The Proud Valley* there is no crusade against mine-owners wantonly risking men's lives for gain. On the contrary, the owners only reluctantly agree to the hungry men's attempt to open up the shaft that causes the tragedy; and the mine manager, far from pooh-poohing the risks, insists on leading them and is the first to die. The film as a whole is in no sense imitative, and it would be quite unfair if the impression got about that somebody had cashed in on an earlier success. In any case, *The Proud Valley* was planned a year before *The Stars Look Down* was shown.

The nominal hero is a young miner, well played by a newcomer to the screen, Simon Lack. But the dominant figure is the big Negro (Paul Robeson), who is taken in by the kindly old miner, and appoints himself a watchdog over his son. Gradually his tolerance and nobility of spirit win him the respect and confidence of the hotheaded miners, and there is nothing either improbable or cheaply sentimental about the impulse that prompts him to give his life for his friend. Mr. Robeson realises the character as finely as he sings; the supporting players, including several who have never acted before on stage or screen, are all satisfactory; and Pen Tennyson—a descendant of the bard who disliked stays creaking at the dinner-table—shows signs of developing into a first-rate director.

"THE PROUD VALLEY" is all sincerity. *Adventure in Diamonds* is all hokum; and millions will find it the most entertaining picture of the week. Here is Isa Miranda, the Italian glamour girl, looking more Marlene than Dietrich, mixed up with John Loder in a diamond racket in South Africa. Which reminds me—I quote the chaste prose of the synopsis—that "the fullest use has been made of the fascinating potentialities of the unusual locale." For once I agree with the blurb-writer. The shots of the diamond fields, showing how the stones that fascinate lovely women are mined amidst nightmarish ugliness, and the precautions taken against theft, really are fascinating.

The story, too, is neat and ingenious, with many a twist and touch of humour eloquent of careful script work. Miss Miranda looks extremely attractive, and acts as well as most; John Loder is her suave accomplice, and George Brent the nice fellow who gets her in the end. Nigel Bruce makes a likeable, agreeably matter-of-fact chief of police; and Cecil Kellaway (from Australia), Rex Evans, with his songs at the piano, and Elizabeth Patterson, as a pickpocket who just cannot resist her hobby, give faultless support. Likewise the finest dog I've seen since Rin-Tin-Tin.

"Adventure in Diamonds" is mainly a vehicle for the Italian star, Isa Miranda, the story selected, so we are told, from hundreds of scripts during a search of several months. She plays partner to a diamond thief, meets a nice airman (George Brent, above), and after various adventures, including jail, ends up by helping him to catch her late partner (played by John Loder) and then marries him. Friend of the airman and chief of police is Nigel Bruce (left). George Fitzmaurice directed. The film is reviewed here, and went to the Plaza on March 8th

IN *Sons of the Sea* we are still in the world of mystery and murder, but this time the background is Dartmouth. And, gad, chaps! we're all 100-per-cent. Silent Service here—all except the new commander's son, who rather hankers after a commercial career, the cad. But then the old commander of the college is murdered—by a German spy, the rat—and the boy's father is bombed by a German 'plane and so badly injured that he loses his memory and forgets where the secret German minefield is; and by this time the young rascal begins to see that there is no fun like the Navy after all.

It's filmed throughout in Dufaycolor, the shots of the College and neighbouring villages (including a pub where, judging by the outside, it would be a pleasure to knock one back), are very charming indeed, and the acting is pretty good all round. Simon Lach makes a convincing cadet; Leslie Banks is the sort of father who is allowed by tolerant sons in after life to have Meant Well; and though it wouldn't be playing the game to reveal the spy's identity, I can say that Mackenzie Ward is excellent as a nonchalant stranger who says he's from Naval Intelligence and wanders about on all relevant occasions in a white suit, peering through glasses. Maurice Elvey directed.

LINDA DARNELL, the saucer-eyed brunette of *Hotel for Women* (not to be confused with Elsa Maxwell), bobs up again in *Daytime Wife*. Linda, the synopsis informs me, is "a Texan of Scottish-Irish extraction," and "played Rachel in an Easter play at the age of ten, the part calling for little more than discreet tears shed at the right moment and sufficient poise to give dignity to the cheesecloth creation she wore." Plus ça change, etc. Linda is bigger now, of course, but her new part calls for little more than a few discreet sighs at her husband's flirtation with his secretary (Wendy Barrie), and sufficient poise to give dignity to the cheesy story. Tyrone Power is her husband, and Binnie Barnes and Warren William fit in somewhere.

I COULD tell you all about *The Big Guy*, a prison melodrama with Victor McLaglen and Jacky Cooper, not badly done; or *Hell's Cargo*, which is an Elstree remake of *Alerte en Mediterranée*. But I won't. I'd rather fade out on delicious memories of the end of the Louis-Godoy fight film, with the Chilean leaping in the air with joy, doing a prolonged step-dance, and imprinting loving lingering kisses on Louis's jaw, while the Brown Bomber looks uncommonly coy.

London Home

Lady Russell of Liverpool and Her Daughter at Little Cheyne House

Lady Russell of Liverpool lives in Chelsea with her small daughter, while Major Lord Russell is with the B.E.F. on the staff of the Deputy-Judge-Advocate-General. He fought in the last war from 1914, was wounded, won the M.C. with two bars. He is the second baron, succeeded his grandfather, a well-known Liverpool journalist, in 1920. He has two children by his first wife (who divorced him in 1933), a son of seventeen and a daughter of sixteen. The Russells' house is on the corner of Cheyne Walk and Royal Hospital Road. Lady Russell, as a war economy, has done her own cooking since her Austrian cook left

Lady Russell of Liverpool is Scottish, was Joan Betty Ewart, daughter of a Chichester physician, the late Dr. David Ewart. She married Lord Russell as his second wife in 1933

Young Miss Russell is a lively, friendly, mischievous soul; she liked having her picture taken, told the photographer he was a pet, and kissed him good-bye

Chrystal Russell is Lord and Lady Russell's only child, will be four this year. Her nursery has a nice round window and the usual maze of toys, including a Madeira doll called Greta (on Lady Russell's knee) and a Koala bear called Bobby

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick

Young Hollywood

Out of scores of photographs of lovely girls which wily film-studio agents send around, the "Bystander" has chosen half a dozen; maybe there's a star of to-morrow among them

Virginia Grey

Virginia Grey *was born to her career as daughter of a Hollywood film director, and "reared in the shadow of the studio." Aged nine she took the role of Little Eva in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" away from all the other little Hollywood girls. As a high school miss she liked dancing more than acting, and her dancing got her a part in "The Great Ziegfeld," which got her an M.-G.-M. contract. She had the only feminine role as Wallace Beery's daughter in "Thunder Afloat." Is blonde, with blue eyes, five foot four high*

Lana Turner *was sitting at a drug-store counter one day when producer Mervyn Leroy saw her; next thing she was in films. She has red hair, dark blue eyes, vitality, gaiety, even glamour. Is the daughter of a dancer who started teaching her when she was three and took her sometimes into his speciality act. She danced in "These Glamour Girls" and "Every Other Inch a Lady," two recent pictures. In her next, "Two Girls on Broadway," she shares top honours with Joan Blondell. Born in Idaho, likes painting, drawing, and dress-designing*

Florence Rice *ranks high among M.-G.-M. featured players, having been picked for feminine lead in the Marx Brothers "At the Circus" (and described therein by our critic, George Campbell, as "a personable young woman with some talent") and in "Miracles for Sale" with Robert Young. She's the blonde blue-eyed daughter of Grantland Rice, famous American sports writer and columnist, was born at Cleveland, Ohio, studied for the stage in Europe, made her first New York hit in "She Loves Me Not," went into films in 1934*

Lana Turner

Florence Rice

Ruth Hussey

Susan Hayward

Janice Logan

Ruth Hussey, *our only black-haired, grey-eyed choice, has already had some good leading parts—with Edward G. Robinson in "Blackmail," in "Within the Law," and as the "feminine heavy" in "Maisie," not yet seen here. Like Florence Rice she was a stage actress first, had her screen test while playing in "Dead End" in Los Angeles. A graduate of Michigan University, she was a radio fashion commentator before she went to New York and got her first acting part in a touring company*

Susan Hayward *is one of Paramount's Golden Circle, i.e., group of young players destined for stardom and therefore given good parts. She's a red-head with luck and pluck—walked into the studio's talent office with no experience and no introduction and came out with a plum, the feminine lead in "Beau Geste." Since then she's had good parts in "Our Leading Citizen" with Bob Burns, "A Thousand Dollars a Touch-down," with Martha Raye and Joe E. Brown, is now working second in the cast list to Ray Milland in "Mystery Ship"*

Janice Logan, *prettily named, fair-haired, with a delicately modelled face, is a young socialite from Chicago whose lack of acting experience has not barred her from acceptance into the Golden Circle of Paramount's young screen aristocracy. Two films will soon show her talent—whatever it may be—to London: "Dr. Cyclops," a mystery picture in Technicolor, with Albert Dekker in it, and "Opened by Mistake," a newspaper comedy, with Charlie Ruggles and Robert Paige*

The "Bystander" visits the

Dutch Legation

A Neutral Corner of Portman Square

The Minister: Jonkheer Dr. Edgar Frederik Marie Lustin Michiels van Verduynen

***The Minister's man** blacks-out with heavy velvet curtains the large windows of the Legation. Holland has a black-out ready to go into action, but not yet permanently enforced*

William *f Or*
King of *nglan*

***Madame Michiels van Verduynen,** here at her desk and backed by more flowers, is fond of the English*

The present Dutch Minister arrived to represent Europe's wealthiest small country at the Court of St. James's a fortnight after war was declared between that country's neighbours. Jonkheer Michiels van Verduynen (his title is equivalent to a baronetcy) came to London with a knowledge of both belligerents: he spent four and a half years in Berlin as Dutch Minister, knew England through social and sporting contacts—he is an excellent shot, was twice amateur golf champion of Holland and had competed in our own amateur championship. During the last war he was Under-Secretary at the Dutch Foreign Office. The appointment to the Legation at the corner of Gloucester Place on the north side of Portman Square called him from a retirement of thirteen years in his own countryside to blacked-out London. Both he and his handsome wife faced the change calmly and vigorously

The Minister's wife, *Madame Michiels van Verduynen, sits in the comfortably magnificent panelled drawing-room of the residence. Flowers—lilac and tiger-lilies here—are a feature of her decor throughout 21, Portman Square (see other pictures). Over the mantelpiece is a portrait of the Minister's mother*

f Orange, the Dutch son-in-law of James II. who became ngland, presides over the sideboard in the dining-room

Dutch silverware *animals are displayed here, topped by a Springer view*

Jean Cadell: after thirty years of character parts this actress of character sees her son follow on

As Aunt Bijou she scored a personal success in New York, last year. This is her favourite part, second favourite being Miss Shoe ("At Mrs. Beam's"), favourite failure Van Druten's "Hollywood Holiday." Her favourite modern author is Bridie

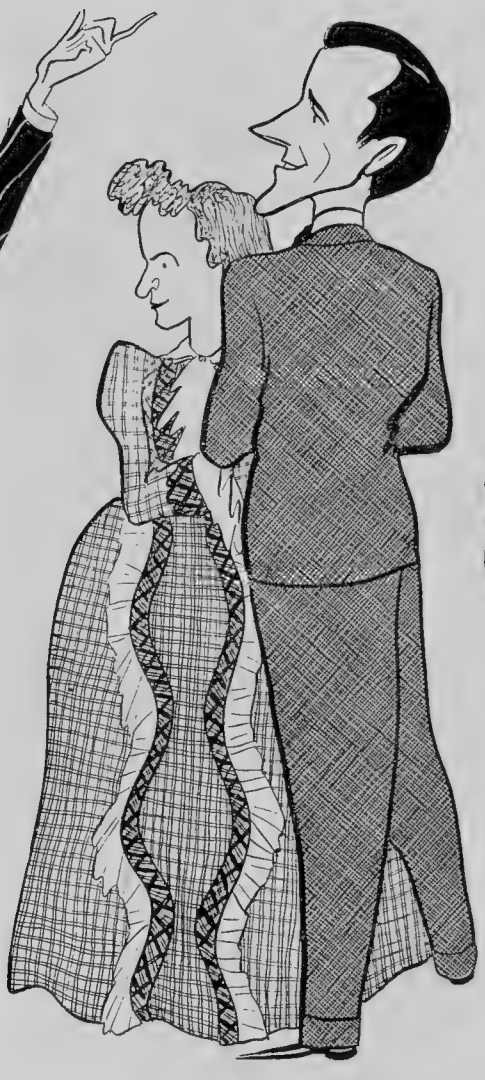
Jean Cadell (the name comes from Gaelic coille dobhar—wood by the stream) was born in Edinburgh in 1884 into a cultured family who, though Victorians, did not hesitate to educate her in Paris from her fourteenth to seventeenth year, while her brother Bunty was beginning his successful career as an artist. She made her professional debut at twenty-two, and her strong personality destined her for character roles from the start. June 1911 saw her on the London stage; October saw her rejoicing New York as Susie in Barrie's *Bunty Pulls the Strings*. And for the next quarter-century she was rarely disengaged; her parts—three columns in "Who's Who in the Theatre"—being of the type of Mistress Ford, Mrs. Higgins, Miss Prism, Mrs. Pringle (*Marigold*—600 performances), Mistress Overdone, Mrs. Otery. Last year she rejoiced the New York critics once more as Aunt Bijou Furse in *Spring Meeting* (Margaret Rutherford's part over here). Films took to Jean Cadell, she played in *South Riding*, *David Copperfield*, *Pygmalion*, right now is cast as Rummy, the naughty char, in Pascal's film of *Major Barbara* (see right). This week sees her at the Embassy in Priestley's *Music at Night*. Jean Cadell's house in W.8 is full of her brilliant brother's paintings, and chairs she has covered in petit-point; there she lives with her son, John Cadell

***John Cadell**, twenty-four, is Jean Cadell's son by her actor husband, the late Perceval Clark. After Loretto and Oxford he went into repertory to await his call-up, made his first London appearance this month in the Mercury revival of "Murder in the Cathedral." The dog is Ruff, who had a part in an early Rodney Ackland, "Birthday," and is known to most London dressing-rooms*

***Lady Britomart** in the Westminster's "Major Barbara" this year was a "thankless straight part"*

Sketches by Rouson

Annoyed paterfamilias: Frederick Leister



Young love defiant: Peggy Ashcroft, Alec Guinness

Feather-brained crook: Edith Evans

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

"Cousin Muriel" (Globe)

THE only quick thing in this play is the way the people get to and from the Langham Hotel. Otherwise, it is pretty slow going, with characters much given to quotation from books and plays and poems, and little literary tricks of speech, such as saying "Always he," instead of "He always." The scene is laid in the ever-so-impressive house of Sir Hubert Sylvester (Frederick Leister), on the twenty-first birthday of his daughter Dinah (Peggy Ashcroft). The house (in addition to an orphanage) is run by Cousin Muriel (Edith Evans), whose son (Alec Guinness) has hurried over from the United States one week before the war (wireless obbligato) to join up. Richard proposes to Dinah. Dinah says yes. But Sir Hubert does not seem pleased. Why?

IN conversation with Richard, Sir Hubert explains his objection. He considers Richard unreliable. Has not Richard continually written from America to his mother for financial assistance, which financial assistance Sir Hubert, being fond of his mother, has supplied? This, however, is the first Richard himself has heard of it. Cousin Muriel has apparently been telling a tale to get money for herself. And she has been doing more than this. She has been turning eights into eightys and nines into ninetys on cheques made out to her for housekeeping by Sir Hubert. Can Richard in these circumstances still ask Dinah to marry him?

RICHARD thinks he can't. Dinah thinks he can. They have quarrels and kiss and kiss and have quarrels till Dinah gets her way. And then Cousin Muriel comes in wearing a new dress which she invites those assembled to admire. Left alone, she sits down at the piano. Sir Hubert, walking up behind her, presents one of the incriminating cheques between her eyes and the keys. She gets up, lights a cigarette, and, unabashed, embarks on her defence. She explains how once she loved him. She explains how falling out of love is "a chilling feeling like losing your eiderdown in the night." She explains how she got bored. She explains how she wanted money merely to dissipate her boredom. She explains how money is the only thing that doesn't let you down. She explains—but, while she is explaining, Sir Hubert, possibly quite as bored as she has ever been, flees the room. Enter two detectives to arrest her for stealing from a shop a piece of jewellery now sparkling on her hand. She laughs and says: "Don't I do something about bail?" And then, just as our interest is really beginning to be aroused, down comes the curtain. At least, that is where it came down on the first night. But whether it did in the original script, or whether it will when you read these words, who can guess?

THE tragedy of the evening is the wasting of Edith Evans. Among the pleasures of it are the performances given by Peggy Ashcroft, who diffuses the emotions of youth with rare effect, and by Betty Chancellor, who adds another delicious little sketch to her gallery of "cautions." Perhaps the piece has an inner meaning which I missed. But at the end of it all I felt that Cousin Muriel, even with her long speech, had not explained herself sufficiently.

(Miss Clemence Dane gave her play a new ending after the first few days of the run.)

Easter Arrivals

Fashion Still Unrationed

Grey usually appears as a signature tune for Spring, but this year it has developed into a theme song. Light flannel shades make the right background for splashes of scarlet, gold, emerald, and tone with practically any basic colour scheme. Selfridges, Oxford Street, have the attractive frock above in grey flannel, with contrasting rows of buttons and a handkerchief tucked into the flap. Two panels of pleats give a swing to the skirt as you walk, and the price is only 45s. 9d.

It may seem early to be thinking of summer frocks, but this is a season when all the proverbs about "being prepared" come suddenly to life. Prices are going up, and buying now means a substantial saving. When you choose classic models like the frocks on the left from Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, there is no danger of their becoming dated. The one on the far left, for 75s. 9d., is in leaf-patterned "Crochlyn," tailored with high revers, buttoned pockets and slightly raised shoulders. It looks charming in dusty pink, wheat gold, or a soft, delphinium blue. The striped frock is in linen, a good example of this season's formal patterns. It is made in several colour contrasts and costs 52s. 6d. Both are the "go anywhere, do anything" type that makes the backbone of a wardrobe

The Ballet in Australia

By Tatiana Bouda-Jemtchoujnikova

FOR the third time Australia has welcomed Colonel de Basil's Russian Ballet, and the company has again become at once the centre of the lives of its enthusiastic admirers. Many members of the company have been here before; some, however, are newcomers. It is Colonel de Basil's first personal visit to Australia, and also Tamara Toumanova's. She looks more beautiful and slimmer than ever. Her technique is perfect, her point-work sharp and clean, but her movements often lack fluency; her acting has improved, but there is still a touch of artificiality.

The company as a whole is a very big and strong one. Colonel de Basil did not spare time or energy in seeking and collecting new talent from all parts of the world, under most difficult war conditions. He has accomplished a remarkable feat in assembling all these people from various countries and continents. The dancers arrived in Sydney in two groups, both on the same day, December 26th. The largest group travelled from England with de Basil, and most of the principal dancers, with a smaller group of the corps de ballet, came from the United States, where they went from Europe at the outbreak of the war.

THE "English group" had a very busy time on the boat. Classes started shortly after they left England, and soon M. Grigorieff began his usual work of rehearsing ballets, this time a particularly difficult task with so many newcomers. Several very promising young dancers had to be rehearsed for leading parts. Tatiana Stepanova, the star of Preobrajenska's studio in Paris, and considered to be the most promising of the new dancers, was to make her debut on the opening night in Sydney in *Les Sylphides*. She is very young—barely sixteen—her technique is amazing, and her line is extraordinarily beautiful. Her dancing is noble and dignified, as real classical dancing should be. Sono Osato, as well as another newcomer, Marina Svetlova, also from Paris, were rehearsed for the same part, and Svetlova for the part of the Divine Spirit in *Paganini* as well. She danced this a few weeks after the opening of the season, giving a sensitive and intelligent interpretation of the part. Nina Golovina, who left the Ballet Club to join the Russian company, rehearsed the Blue Bird, and has danced it in Sydney with success.

THE company opened their season at the Theatre Royal, Sydney, on December 30th, four days after their arrival, with *Les Sylphides*, *Paganini* (first performance in Australia), and *Aurora's Wedding*. The Mazurka and Waltz in *Sylphides* were danced by Marina Stepanova and Serge Lifar; he, though considerably calmer and much more reserved than at his last appearance in London with Massine's company, has not as yet quite got into the Australian atmosphere. Denisova danced the Divine Spirit in *Paganini*, and Toumanova was brilliant as Princess Aurora, well partnered by Paul Petroff.

The programme is changed here once a week, and most of London's old favourites have their turn. In *Lac des Cygnes* Vera Nemtchinova has an outstanding success; since her last appearance in London her dancing has definitely improved, and the purity of her movements and style are greatly admired out here.

A new version of *Le Beau Danube*, now called *The Blue Danube*, with choregraphy by Serge Lifar, has just been produced, with Riabouchinska as the Young Girl, Lichine as the Hussar. He gave a very good performance, but those who have seen Massine in this part will never forget him. Riabouchinska was magnificent; she has had a tremendous reception, her lightness and ethereal dancing being greatly admired. Olga Morosova was the Street Dancer. The setting, costumes and musical arrangements are the same as they were with Massine, the choregraphy remaining Massine's only copyright after the lawsuit concerning the ownership of the ballet. In spite of a public success, Massine's masterpiece, by being rearranged, has lost a lot of its refinement and has become more of a divertissement type of ballet.

THE public and the critics have been demanding new ballets to be given their premieres in Sydney before the company's departure for Melbourne on March 13th, and several new ballets and revivals are being rehearsed, including Lifar's *Icare* and *Papillons*. *Las Meninas*, with music by Gabriel Fauré, was revived in February.

The world premiere of David Lichine's *Graduation Ball* was due on March 1st, and Igor Schwezoff, who has joined the company, will make his first appearance in Australia in it. Originally Lichine called the work *Perpetuum Mobile*, following the music by Johann Strauss on which it is based, but as the action takes place at a military academy dance, the new title seemed more attractive. The story is very slight. Costumes are by Alexandre Benois. This new ballet is expected to add to Lichine's great personal popularity in this country.

A new ballet by Nina Verchinina, with music by Bach, was to have its premiere on March 8th. She has had a considerable success in *Les Presages* and *Choreartium*. She has been sharing her part in the latter ballet with Tamara Grigorieva, who gave an excellent performance and is in very good form this season.

THE scenery for Verchinina's ballet is by Loudon Sainthill, a young painter from Melbourne who had an exhibition in London during the summer, and who travelled from England to Sydney on the same boat as the company. On the boat he did a very good portrait of Colonel de Basil which is being shown at present at the Art for Theatre and Ballet Exhibition (under the auspices of the British Council) together with a number of his other pictures and works by other artists connected with ballet, including Oliver Messel, Nadia Benois, Sophie Fedorovitch, William Chappell, Lord Berners, Doris Zinkeisen, Theyre Lee-Elliott, David Grey, and photographs by Gordon Anthony.

Ballet in England: "La Leçon Apprise"

Papa (David Paltenghi; above) has six daughters (Deborah Dering, Peggy van Praagh, Susan Reeves, Sylvia Hayden, Charlotte Bidmead, Pauline Clayden), who entertain a young Soldier (Frank Staff; right), but when he is revealed as penniless and the neighbours begin to gossip, none of them will have his love, though one nearly does (Peggy van Praagh, who gives a charming performance in the part). That, briefly, is the theme of Wendy Toye's ballet "La Leçon Apprise," given its premiere by the London Ballet at the Arts Theatre on March 7th. The music is by Milhaud, the decor by Joseph Carl, a designer well known in Vienna in pre-Nazi days

Sanity Fare

By Douglas Reed

The Author of "Insanity Fair" Covers the War Fronts

Sir Cyril Norwood Lectures Airmen in France on Peace Problems

The President of St. John's College, Oxford, and former headmaster of Harrow, has been making a lecture tour in France, speaking to R.A.F. men on after-war problems. He was sceptical about world federation, gloomy about the financial future of public schools, in favour of compulsory military service. He told his listeners that elementary education should last to the age of twelve, secondary education to sixteen, when academic pupils should be prepared for the universities, others take half-time employment, half-time education, and at eighteen all should do their military training. Outside the lecture-room he cracked jokes with his listeners

"Ingrams of Arabia" Goes to Aden

W. H. Ingrams (left) has been appointed Chief Secretary, Aden, a new post replacing those of Political and Civil Secretaries. He goes to Aden from the Hadramaut, where he has been British Resident Adviser to the Sultan of Mukalla since 1937. He has twenty years' experience of Africa and Arabia, is reputed to know more about Arabia than any Englishman since Lawrence. His wife (right) formerly Doreen Shortt, daughter of the Rt. Hon. Edward Shortt, K.C., was awarded conjointly with him the Lawrence Memorial Medal last year

Surfeit of Surprise

EVEN the best joke should have an age-limit, and I hope our rulers may now soon cease to tell us how flabbergasted they are by events. Mr. Chamberlain began the fashion by talking about "this strange war"—the course the present unpleasantness would take was accurately forecast by several writers—and recently Earl de la Warr began a broadcast by speaking of "this most extraordinary of wars." In between, I think almost every member of the Government has expressed surprise, perplexity, astonishment, bewilderment, amazement and baffled incomprehension. As, on the other hand, they require us to have perfect faith in their conduct of the war, I feel this to be bad for our morale. We have nearly seven months of war behind us now, and I think we might reasonably hope that they will soon begin to understand something about it.

The thing I long to know, and this they never tell us, is—what surprises them?

All Roads

WARTIME difficulties cause a long time-lag between the preparation of this instructive page and its appearance, and as I write I do not know what its readers will have learned when it is published—namely, the result of Ribbentrop's visit to Rome. What he wants is clear: he, who founded the anti-Comintern in Rome four years ago, now seeks to create in Rome a German-Bolshevist-Italian alliance against this country, and if he were to succeed he would pull off one of the greatest coups in history, and our defeat would again become possible. As I write, my radio tells me that he will fail, and I hope this all-knowing box is right.

War of Wits

IT is clear that a terrific contest of diplomacy is going on, in which our enemies seek to find a way of outwitting and overcoming us despite the stalemate in France. When I began, some months ago, to write these notes, I said that Hitler, by failing (1) to separate us from France or (2) to make a full military alliance with either Bolshevy or Italy, had made it impossible for us to *lose* this war, failing a gigantic blunder of generalship or diplomacy on our part. Such a gigantic blunder of generalship would be for us to attack the West Wall; those who remember the pictures of the boxer Jack Doyle reclining dreamily on his back a few moments after entering the ring in his last fight will realise what the effects may be of putting your chin out for your opponent to hit. The gigantic blunder of diplomacy would be to allow Hitler yet to find mighty allies.

The way we hurriedly gave back, first a dozen confiscated Germans to the Japanese, and second a dozen confiscated colliers to the Italians, shows that our ever-surprised rulers are unsure in their diplomacy. Personally, I do not believe either Japan or Italy would have been brought into the war against us by these incidents, as incidents, but the effect of doing such things and then undoing them is worse than not doing them at all. So why do them?

Dilemma

BUT assume that my wise radio is right, and that Italy remains aloof, repels Ribbentrop; I think this is likely, because Signor Mussolini will be better able in a few months' time to decide whether his aims will be better served by joining in on the side he thinks sure to win or by waiting for the peace conference and making a very loud noise there. But even in this case, we shall soon be faced with a life-and-death choice—whether to override Swedish and Norwegian neutrality in order to go to the aid of the Finns, or to wait until Germany and Bolshevy have jointly subdued all Scandinavia, by one means or another, and are jointly almost on our doorstep. Is the cockpit to be Scandinavia—or these islands?

(*Concluded on page 368*)

Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.

The Hon. W. L. Runciman—Overseas Airways Executive

Imperial Airways and British Airways are no more: they have been, since last November, merged into the British Overseas Airways Corporation. Of this the management has now been announced. Clive Pearson succeeds Sir John Reith as chairman, Irving Geddes is deputy chairman, and there are three other members of the board. Leslie Runciman, formerly on the board of Imperial Airways, as chief executive member is the most important. This tall, good-looking, energetic man of thirty-nine is Viscount Runciman's elder son, has already had a hand in rail and water transport as director of the Runciman Shipping Company and the L.N.E.R. But flying is his love. He got his "A" licence in 1928, won an air race in 1929, was third in the 1932 King's Cup, has flown all over Europe, went flying for his honeymoon after his second marriage, in 1932, to Katharine Garrison, of New York. They have one son. (His first wife was novelist Rosamond Lehmann.) He is a Wing-Commander, formed an A.A.F. squadron in Durham in 1932, and not only flew for them, but shot with their rifle eight and played Rugger for them. He also plays tennis and skis, and likes amateur acting. All this is the versatility of a man whose tremendous vitality and capability will find a fine outlet in fighting the battles of British civil aviation in wartime

Mr. Oliver Stanley's New Military Secretary

Major-General Arthur N. Floyer-Acland, D.S.O., M.C., has been appointed Military Secretary to the Secretary of State for War, with rank of Lieutenant-General. He formerly commanded the Wessex Division and has since held a war post. He replaces Lieut.-General Giffard, who has taken over the Palestine Command

Sanity Fare *(Continued from page 366)*

Homing Roosters

THE bedraggled fowls we hatched out in the years of ostrichism, and particularly at Munich, are coming home to roost. At Munich we forced a small country to yield; now, when the storm draws near, we should love small countries to resist—and they will not. In the delirium of thanksgiving that followed Munich, I suppose few people in this country noticed the scathing comments in Sweden. Now Sweden has decided that, of two evils, the evil of submission to German wishes, of conniving in the destruction of Finland, and of refusing to allow passage to Allied troops sent to aid Finland, is less than the evil of certain and immediate invasion by Germany. In the second, she sees only immediate death; in the first, she sees a faint hope of at least a respite. She would sooner suffer the fate of Slovakia, that is, than the fate of Austria, Czechia or Poland. "British aid," she says, "would, for technical reasons, be several months too late, and Germany would quickly overrun our southern provinces."

Even vassaldom, thinks Sweden, is better than to be a cockpit. Ah, what would we not give to-day for Czechoslovakia and that Czechoslovak army of forty divisions! Would anybody in this country to-day still talk of "fighting for Czechoslovakia"?

Newest and Youngest M.P.

John Profumo was elected Unionist Member of Kettering in the recent by-election with a majority of 11,298 over the anti-war candidate. About 20,000 less electors voted than at the last election. He was photographed with his mother after visiting his father, who is ill in a London nursing-home. He is twenty-five, and the youngest M.P.

'And Having Writ . . '

So the Greek tragedy moves on, and soon we shall be at grips. Ribbentrop had very strong arguments to proffer in Rome. "Without you," he could tell Mussolini, "we *may* win; but with you, we *must* win. So come in."

But Mussolini knows that he is a winner anyway, whether he comes in or not, so he may stay out, for the nonce. That leaves us with the very unpleasant problem on our hands that I have sketched. I, for one, should look even to this future without qualms, if only our rulers would stop being surprised, if only these elderly Olympian figures seemed to have some relationship to our harassed world, if only the home front could be cleansed of the scandals that our newspapers daily reveal, and made worthy of our fighting men.

Women's Golf:

Business Done

By Eleanor E. Helme

AFTER the recent annual meeting of the Ladies' Golf Union it was reported to me that an official thereof said to a mutual friend of my previous article, "Why *will* she do it?" The friend's answer is unrecorded, but she did write to me subsequently, "So you must behave yourself, my dear!"

The official's comment may be as obscure as the friend's caution, but probably "it" meant my daring to suggest that a quick win of the war was more important than the dignity of the L.G.U., and the friend that I should curb my appetite for speaking the truth as I see it without fear or favour. But that has always been the treasured prerogative of the BYSTANDER, and is not going to be given up for anybody.

All the same, as I missed that L.G.U. annual general meeting, owing to 'flu and Government work, and must rely on facts and figures as reported to me by a faithful friend, it might be fun to put them down without the intrusion of any comment of my own. I will not say, nor even imply by shade of wording, what I consider right, wrong, or even expedient. Perhaps when we reach my friend's remarks that Mrs. Garnham "looked particularly nice in a new spring hat with a bunch of gay ribbons upon it—making one feel there must be a spot of sunshine somewhere about," or that "Mrs. John Beck looked younger and prettier than ever"—perhaps then some glow of warmth may be allowed to permeate. But not yet. To business.

Robert Sweeny, Jr., and Grace Amory, Herbert Pullitzer's step-daughter, are paired in the annual mixed two-ball foursome at the Everglades G.C., Palm Beach. Their chance was reckoned worth about £280 in the auction pool, and they returned the best score in the qualifying round

THE minutes were read, confirmed and signed. The report of the Executive Council was received. The hon. treasurer's statement of accounts duly audited was received, showing an excess of income over expenditure of £248 5s. 6d. The president, vice-presidents, hon. treasurer and auditors were re-elected. The resolutions proposed by the Executive Council were carried. (I hope everybody is liking this; it saves me a deal of thought.) Perhaps I may be allowed to condense the resolutions; they place wartime power in the hands of an Emergency Committee, and cancel all L.G.U. competitions, handicap work, publication of Year Book, authorise the payment of half the respective subscriptions provided for by Rule 14, provided that the Emergency Committee shall have power from time to time to further reduce the said annual subscriptions should such Committee consider it advisable to do so; retain the services of the Secretary of the Union and release other members of the office staff for National Service or other war purposes as soon as practicable.

It was announced that clubs may arrange their own handicap system if they like, may, if they wish, have handicap sheets and ask advice of Miss Macfarlane, but L.G.U. handicaps current at the outbreak of the present war shall remain unaltered and come into force again at its conclusion.

A LETTER was read from Lord Wigram regarding the Lord Mayor's Red Cross Fund, as the result of which the L.G.U. agreed to subscribe £100 thereto, and also to expend another £100 in giving a memento to each club for special Red Cross competitions, so that all moneys raised thereby could be handed to the Lord Mayor's Fund. Such competitions to be run entirely by the clubs themselves under club rules. Clubs were also urged to support the *Daily Sketch* competition sponsored by Lord Derby. Particulars of this may be had from that paper; address, 200, Gray's Inn Road, London.

The gift of £200 from the Victoria (Australia) L.G.U. to provide comforts for London evacuees through the L.G.U. was announced and reports given on the International Match Fund and National Playing-Fields Association.

AS for the chatty bits of my friend, and her most favourable comments on the personality, dress, and presidential speech of Lady Astor, the new president, I see that I must regretfully hold them over for another article.

Harlip

Mrs. Ivan Foxwell

Edith Sybil Lambart and Ivan Foxwell were married very quietly a few weeks ago at St. George's, Hanover Square. She is the only daughter of Captain the Hon. Lionel Lambart, R.N. (ret.), and Mrs. Lambart, of the Home Farm, Sherston, Wilts., and niece of the Earl of Cavan. Her father is Lord Cavan's heir-presumptive. Her husband is the eldest son of Captain H. S. Foxwell, and the late Mrs. Foxwell

Harlip

Mrs. Douglas Shankland

Angela Akers-Douglas was married last Friday at St. George's, Hanover Square, to Lieut. Douglas Shankland, R.N.V.R., son of Andrew Shankland, of 3, Bristol Court, Brighton, and the late Mrs. Shankland. She is the daughter of Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. George and Mrs. Akers-Douglas, of Colebrooke Park, Tonbridge, Kent, and niece of Viscount Chilston

Four Spring Brides

Pearl Freeman

Mrs. David Colville

Hermione Carmichael, eldest daughter of Carmichael of Carmichael and Mrs. Carmichael, of Berrington Hall, Shropshire, was married at the end of February to Major David Colville, King's Shropshire Light Infantry, younger son of the late H. K. Colville, and Mrs. Colville, of Tocknells House, Painswick, Glos. She is a granddaughter of the late Sir James Colquhoun of Luss

Mrs. Rosemary Blanche Mackenzie, widow of Captain Roderick Mackenzie, and younger daughter of the late Sir Thomas Troubridge, Bt., and sister of the present baronet, Captain Sir St. Vincent Troubridge, was married at Beaulieu Abbey Church, ten days ago, to Michael C. W. Dilke, second son of Sir Fisher Dilke, Bt., and Lady Dilke, of Lepe Point, Exbury, Hants. She has two children by her first marriage

Lenare

Mrs. Michael Dilke

Mackenzie—Jickling

Captain Frederick Stephen Ronald Mackenzie, Royal Tank Regiment, only son of Sq.-Leader and Mrs. A. R. Mackenzie, of 31, Whitelands House, Sloane Square, S.W.1, and Daphne Margaret Jickling, elder daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. C. M. Jickling, of Smallburgh, Beare Green, Surrey, were married at the Church of St. Mary Magdalen, South Holmwood

Lee—Spencer-Smith

Harry Illtyd Lee, only son of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Lee, of Gelligemlyn, Dolgelly, N. Wales, and Judith Spencer-Smith, only daughter of Colonel and Mrs. G. M. Spencer-Smith, of Bodenham Cottage, Salisbury, Wilts., were married at Chelsea Old Church

Maxwell—Bishop

George Cavendish Maxwell, Grenadier Guards, and Peggy Bishop were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street. He is the only son of Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Wellwood Maxwell, of Sudborough Manor, near Kettering, Northants. She is the daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel A. C. Bishop, and Mrs. A. L. Savory, of Oxendon Grange, Market Harborough

Hungerford—Dumas

Lieut. Walter George Donnington Hungerford, Royal Canadian A.S.C., son of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Hungerford, of London, Ontario, and Elizabeth Amelia Anne Piers Dumas, daughter of the late Gerald Piers Dumas, and Mrs. Dumas, of Arreton House, Horsell Common, Surrey, were married at St. Mary's, Horsell

Gray—Norbury

Robert Mowbray Gray and Nesta Jeanie Norbury, elder daughter of Sir Henry and Lady Norbury, of 22, Woodville Gardens, W.5, were married at St. Saviour's, Ealing. Her father is Senior Registrar of Principal Probate Registry. Her husband is the only son of the late Norris Gray, and Mrs. Gray, of 7, Queen's Road, W.5

Melville—Snowball

James Landale Melville, Q.O. Cameron Highlanders, youngest son of the late Colonel and Mrs. E. P. A. Melville, of Gillesbie, Lockerbie, and Elisabeth Christina Snowball, only daughter of J. F. Snowball, of Seaton Burn, Northumberland, and Mrs. F. E. Laing, of Holmwood, Hartley Wintney, Hants., were married at Hartley Wintney Parish Church

Wheen—Acworth

Paymaster-Lieutenant Charles Wheen, R.N., and Veryan Acworth were married at Chobham Parish Church. He is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Wheen, of Holmbury, Chislehurst, Kent. She is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Acworth, of Little Donnystone, Chobham, Surrey

Urlwin-Smith—Brace

Edward Urlwin-Smith, son of the late A. J. Urlwin-Smith, and Mrs. A. Urlwin-Smith, of Little Ridge, Parkstone, Dorset, and Margaret Frances Brace, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. Bedford Brace, of 15, Temple Sheen, married at St. Mary Abbot's, Kensington

Heathcote—Crewdson

Gilbert Gresley Heathcote, R.A.F., only son of Brig.-Gen. and Mrs. C. E. Heathcote, of Forest Row, Sussex, and Nora Barbara Crewdson, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Wright Crewdson, of Alderley Edge, Cheshire, were married at the King's Chapel of the Savoy

Sir Duncan Orr-Lewis and Mrs. Phyllis Allan

Sir Duncan Orr-Lewis, Bt., and Mrs. Phyllis Ann Maitland Allan were married at Caxton Hall Register Office. He is the son of the first baronet, Sir Frederick Orr-Lewis, of Montreal, and Mrs. James Grant Milne, of Cannes, is now a 2nd Lieutenant in the R.A.S.C., owns a villa, Domaine de la Frayere, in Cannes. She is the only daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Bibby, of Chester, is Sir Duncan Orr-Lewis's third wife

The Earl of Wemyss and March and Miss Murray

Lord Wemyss and March and Mavis Lynette Gordon Murray, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Murray, of Rondebosch, Cape Town, South Africa, were married at Hermanus, a seaside resort near Cape Town, at the end of February. Lord Wemyss is the tenth Earl, succeeded his grandfather in 1937, is twenty-eight, the son of the late Lord Elcho, who was killed in action in 1916, and Lady Violet Benson

Getting Married

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings

Rabagliati—Hornyold

Lieut.-Col. Euan Rabagliati, M.C., A.F.C.(late), K.O.Y.L.I., of 5, St. James's Street, S.W.1, and Mrs. Beatrix Gaudolfi Hornyold, of 14, Brompton Square, S.W.7, widow of R. G. Hornyold, and daughter of the late F. S. Oliver, and Mrs. Oliver, of Edgerston, Roxburghshire, were married at Caxton Hall Register Office

Pile—Henstock

Frederick Devereux Pile, Royal Tank Regiment, elder son of Lieut.-Gen. Sir Frederick Pile, Bt., of 97, Cadogan Gardens, S.W.1, and Mrs. J. Ferguson, and Pamela Henstock, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Henstock, of Falkland Garth, Newbury, Berks., were married at St. George's, Newbury

Scotland—Brownrigg

John Earl Scotland and Anne Brownrigg, only daughter of Admiral Sir Studholme and Lady Brownrigg, of Admiralty House, Chatham, were married at Cobham Parish Church, Kent. He is the elder son of Paymaster-Captain and Mrs. Scotland, of Whin Cottage, Beaconsfield, Bucks.

"Bystander" Short Story

Happy Easter

By Peter Coats

Illustration by Ray Toby

In the kitchenette the Princess was making eggs out of marzipan. Her nails were long and not scrupulously clean, and the eggs, when completed, had a slightly grubby look which she could not remember being a feature of those made by the chef at her palace in Russia. Still, they were Easter eggs made to celebrate the Russian Easter, and when she returned from the service at the church in the Bayswater Road she would eat them at the little party she was planning to have for her good friends the Sandford-Smythes, from the flat below.

The Princess had made cakes also, little pink ones, in the shape of hearts, and she had bought two bottles of wine and a bunch of grapes, and at the party they would listen to the always so amusing programme on the wireless, which would be quite her own after five more payments. It was an excellent set, though already it showed signs of old age.

"There," said the Princess to herself, as she completed the last egg and brushed up the remaining crumbs of marzipan, "now I must get ready for church." She went into the bed-sitting-room, which somehow never succeeded in remotely resembling a sitting-room, owing to the incurable untidiness of someone who has once employed sixty servants and has never quite become accustomed to the services of one charwoman three days a week.

She smoothed her tousled grey hair and put—or, rather, perched—on top of it her best hat. For a moment she considered wearing the emeralds, but almost at once she rejected the idea. They were not insured, she had not worn them for years, and she did not dare to risk their loss. Every second year she sold one stone of the necklace. Its sale brought in enough money for her to live in her tiny flat, and even allowed her such simple luxuries as the wireless and the marzipan eggs. If she were careful they would last out her lifetime. She did not dare take the risk of wearing them. If she lost them . . . It was a thought she had tried over and over again to drive from her mind. If she lost them she would be back to where she had been in Paris in 1919, before faithful old Sasha had smuggled the jewels out of Russia. Alone, friendless, old, incompetent. The Princess shuddered, and turned resolutely away from the desk where the emeralds were always kept. But as she walked down the stone stairs of her block of flats she realised she would not be quite alone. She would still have her good friends, the Sandford-Smythes. They would always look after her, she was sure.

The Sandford-Smythes lived in No. 7. Mr. Sandford-Smythe worked for a firm in Hatton Garden, and had been very helpful in getting the Princess good prices for her emeralds. He had transacted the last two sales for her, and the Princess was very satisfied. Lately, however, his business had been going very badly, and it was partly to cheer him up, and also dear Phyllis, that she had planned her Easter party. Phyllis was a dear little thing, a trifle common, perhaps, but how she adored her husband. "Stick to him through thick and thin, I would," she had once told her, and the Princess had no doubt it was true.

Apart from the Sandford-Smythes the Princess had no one in the world. Sasha had died three years before, and none of her relatives lived nearer London than Paris, and as her few Russian friends did not care for the Sandford-Smythes, she saw little of them. She did not mind, as they were mostly very poor, and were always trying to sell her something or borrow money. The Sandford-Smythes, on the other hand, were delightful, and she could never understand why they enjoyed having an "old lady like her" at their parties to meet their friends. Only the other day in their flat the Princess had made the acquaintance of a most interesting young man who told her that he travelled in refrigerators. Really, she hardly knew what the world was coming to next, with its new-fangled notions and ways of getting about.

A soft rain was falling as the Princess came to the corner where she could take a 136 bus to the Bayswater Road. It was quite cold for April, and she huddled the cheap fur collar of her coat round her thin neck. The Easter service was always very beautiful, but she hoped it would not be too long. She was looking forward to her party.

At half-past ten that evening Mr. Sandford-Smythe rose a trifle unsteadily to his feet (he had had several whiskies-and-sodas before unwillingly climbing the four flights of stairs which separated his flat from that of the Princess). "I give you a toast, Phyllis, my dear," he said to his wife. "Happy Easter to our illustrious hostess." Phyllis giggled a little at the difficulty her husband had in articulating the last two words. "Here's your good health, Princess," she said in her only-slightly-Cockney voice as she raised her glass. The Princess beamed. How good to her they were, how kind! She turned to Phyllis, saying, "Thank you, my dear," and looking at her husband, "In Russia," she said shyly, "everybody kissed each other at Easter," and she took his red face between her two thin hands and kissed him on both cheeks. As she did so, a thought flashed through her mind. What if Xenia could see her now, and Sandro? But Xenia was dead, and Sandro was driving a taxi in Monte Carlo. Then she remembered that there was to be a programme of Russian songs on the wireless that evening. She turned a switch, and at once the room was full of the sad, yearning music which took her back, as nothing else could, to Russia and the old days. "It is a song I know," she cried happily, "called 'I Have a Friend,'" and in her high, uncertain voice she started to sing in Russian:

"I have a friend
Who is gentle and kind
And I would not change him
For ten fields of barley
Or a great Lord in boots
of soft red leather."

"Bravo, Princess!" cried her audience, clapping their hands. "What does it mean? Do tell us!" The Princess flushed, pleased at her success. "It is an old Russian song about someone who has a gentle and kind friend, like you are to me, little Phyllis, or you, dear Mr. Sandford-Smythe," and her eyes were misty as she patted both their hands, and she had to turn away to offer them more marzipan eggs so that they should not see her tears.

As her friends were leaving, Mr. Sandford-Smythe turned and said: "Would it be a liberty, Princess, if I asked you to let Phyllis have a peep at your emeralds? She hasn't seen them for ever so long, and she made me promise to ask you."

"Oh, yes, please!" chorused Phyllis. "Do show me them. Won't you put them on just for a moment?"

Again the Princess beamed. "Foolish children," she replied. "I must have shown them to you so often." But she went to her desk, and unlocked a drawer with a key which she wore on her bracelet. From a bed of cotton-wool she lifted the string of emeralds, which sparkled under the electric light and darted out tongues of green flame. Lifting her head, the Princess clasped the jewels round her neck.

"Shut the door," he ordered, "and don't scream"

(Concluded on page iv)

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The "Bystander" Bookshelf

The "Wee Pawn Man"

By V. S. Pritchett

THE autobiographies of immensely successful men are not commonly very interesting. Public figures become public monuments, and there is nothing less candid-looking than a municipal statue. So I picked up Sir John Lavery's *The Life of a Painter* (Cassell; 18*s*.) very warily. I realised at once that Sir John Lavery ought to have something interesting to say, for he was born over eighty years ago; and after a couple of pages I saw he was entirely free of vulgar reticence about his own feelings. It is human nature to make out you have been right all the time, but it is always bad writing. In the first pages of this book Sir John shows how, in his egoism as a young artist, he behaved very inadequately in his relationships with women. There is no self-pity in this confession; he is simply shocked and sorry. And in this he has hit upon the truth about all gifted young men—and perhaps about the ungifted, too—that is usually hidden. Their secret life in youth is very much dominated by fear and shame. To describe this without sentimentality requires a very special gift of candour. Sir John has it. Later on, he is to treat his two marriages with equal honesty.

From the lowest Glasgow Irish poverty to the wealth of fashionable portrait-painting—that is Sir John Lavery's course. An orphan, with vague memories of an infancy passed among wine-barrels, he left County Antrim when he was ten to live in an uncle's Scottish pawnshop. A pawnshop attracts picaresque company, the down-at-heel-stage people especially, and the "wee pawn man," as the boy was called, was soon being a pest at stage doors—"There 's that bloody boy again," said the dazzling lady who played Leah in *The Jewish Maiden's Wrong*—and running wild in the Glasgow streets. Indeed, he ran away from "Uncle's" and spent some time in doss-houses and sleeping on park benches. When he was picked up again he had smallpox. His first job which approached painting—he was attracted to the career by watching a grocer do caricatures—was as "smart lad" to one MacNair, an artist and photographer, who had a remunerative side-line in painting-out the black-eyes and cut faces of the youths of the Glasgow gangs. The "beauty treatment" was done in oils. This early period is full of amusing anecdotes. There is the touching story of the model who sat for Marguerite in a picture of a scene from *Faust*, and who was wantonly dealt with by the model of Mephistopheles. Horrified, she uttered what seems to me to be chastity's perfect expression, "I would not have went if I had knew."

Talent is helpless without capital. Scratch success, and you come sooner or later to the decisive moment when some fragment of unearned increment turns the scale. The young Lavery was put on his feet, as so many have been, by a fire. One night a policeman called and said, "Lavery, you 're gutted." "I cannot remember," said Sir John, "ever feeling so happy. I was insured for three hundred pounds." It got him to London. Later, when he had "arrived," he was to join that marvellous winter colony which, before 1914, used to assemble in Tangier and was ruled by Walter Harris, the legendary *Times* correspondent. (The present *Times* would no doubt sack correspondents like Harris.) Cunninghame Graham was one of the Tangier colony, of course. There is a nice picture of him haranguing a group of Moorish tribesmen on the virtues of the eight-hour day and wondering why they were becoming more and more dangerously restive. Then someone pointed out that to propose an eight-hour day to men who were not in the habit of working even one hour was to ask for trouble.

T. H. White

This young countryman, aviator, naturalist and darts champion has written a successor to "The Sword in the Stone," which Rebecca West, R. C. Sherriff, Humbert Wolfe and John van Druten proclaimed fit to rank with "Alice in Wonderland" and "The Wind in the Willows." His new book, "The Witch in the Wood," is being published by Collins in April. He hunts, fishes, milks cows, draws, keeps cats and snakes, says "I ought to have been a gamekeeper"

IN *English Ways* (Cape; 10*s*. 6*d*.) Mr. Jack Hilton is yet another writer to try following in Cobbett's footsteps and to do for industrial England of the factories, building estates, Rowton Houses and arterial roads what Cobbett did for rural England. Cobbett had one enormous advantage over his successors: he was free of the law of libel. If he met an unjust employer or a bad landlord, he would shout the name and add unflattering notes on his personal habits. A writer like Mr. Hilton, who can be pretty indignant, has to be much milder. People who believe the English press is free forget how thoroughly business men have muzzled the press, and have had everything their own way in the last hundred years. Mr. Hilton and his wife put their belongings into a perambulator and walked from Rochdale to Plymouth. It took them six months. Mr. Hilton is impartial with his mud and bouquets. He has a good sling at Leicester's delight in its soul-destroying efficiency; in Nottingham he finds a city where the women are better off than the men and stand them meals and drinks. He dropped a brick here, asking if Nottingham had any cricketers! He debunks the Cotswolds and the small industry movement, with its rural uplift and low wages. He goes to Epsom—still with the pram—and sees the Derby. The strange thing is that this very unconventional book, in which one sees England from underneath, should be provided with typical *Times* Beautiful England photographs. They are very nice, but I cannot see what they have to do with Mr. Hilton's lively urban text.

EVER since, some years ago, I read Traven's *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre*, I have made a point of getting everything this mysterious author has written. His publishers themselves know little about his identity. He appears to be a German-American, and is probably a sailor who has settled in Mexico and has become extraordinarily intimate with Indian life. Now his *Collected Works* are being published. The first two volumes are *The Death Ship* (Cape; 7*s*. 6*d*.), that curious, rambling, half-sardonic, half-tragic story of a sailor who is pushed about from one country to the next because he has lost his papers, and which was a best-seller in Germany until Hitler banned it; and a new novel, *The Bridge in the Jungle* (Cape; 8*s*. 3*d*.). This is one of Traven's quiet, profoundly intuitive and very frightening Mexican stories, in which a single incident—an Indian child, over-excited by the return of his brother from Texas, falls into the river and is drowned—is expanded until it precipitates an indescribable atmosphere of primitive mystery, alarm and suspense. The gold-hunt tale of the *Sierra Madre* turned a cold piece of banditry into the disturbing terms of fable.

The story of *The Bridge* has the same dual quality, and duality of meaning is one of the tests of greatness in writing, I think. Traven is a wonderfully truthful observer. He sees with his own eyes and not with the eyes of other writers. And he understands the under-dog, the very poor, the half-submerged races with their secretive lives like no other living writer, and he writes with a perfect simplicity, intuition and love. Obviously each of his books is a carefully misleading piece of autobiography, in which he pops out for a moment, then quickly covers his tracks.

ALSO recommended:

Cotswold Honey. By Francis Brett Young. (Heinemann; 8*s*. 3*d*.)

Portrait of Jennie. By Robert Nathan. (Heinemann; 6*s*.)

So Frail a Thing. By Helen Beauclerk. (Gollancz; 8*s*. 3*d*.)

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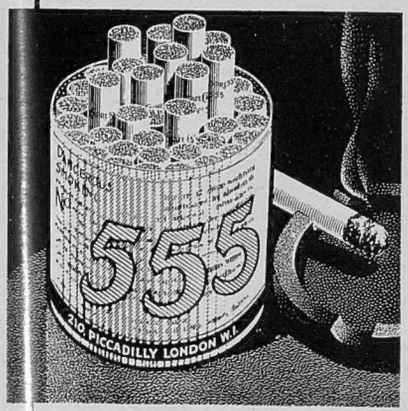

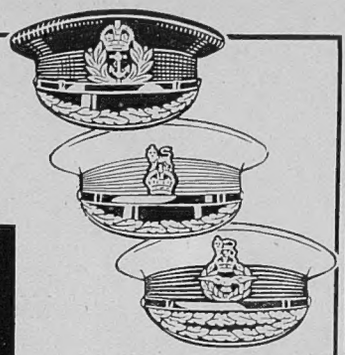

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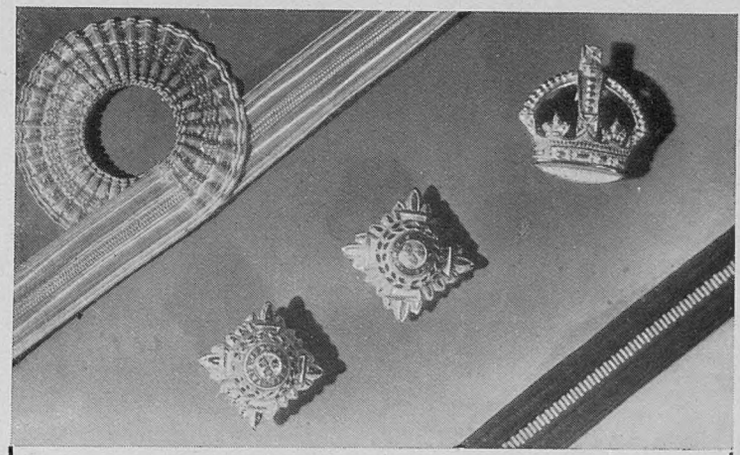

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V193

Happy Easter *(Continued from page 372)*

"There!" she laughed. "Now, my children, are you content?"

After the Sandford-Smythes had gone the Princess moved slowly about her chilly room, the emeralds still round her neck, making an ineffectual effort to tidy up. As she passed the fireplace she poked the few burning fragments of coal which remained, leaving the poker among them in an effort to coax them to flame. Munching the last of the marzipan eggs, she pottered in and out of the kitchenette. Then she took off her shoes and put on an ancient pair of bedroom slippers, and sitting down in her armchair she stared for a moment at the grate, where there were now a few half-hearted flames.

Suddenly there was a knock at the door, and getting up in surprise, she opened it. A man pushed past her into the room, and turning, faced her with a revolver. He wore a long mackintosh coat and had a handkerchief tied over his face.

"Shut the door," he ordered, "and don't scream." Suddenly the Princess's hands went to her throat. So used was she to not wearing the emeralds that she had quite forgotten that she now had them on. Though she could not see the burglar's eyes she felt them follow her hands. With a rough movement of the revolver, she was told to take the jewels off and put them on the mantelpiece.

Mechanically she did so, but as she turned, from the corner of her eye she saw the poker. It will be hot by now, she thought, and with a quick movement she snatched it out of the grate and hit out blindly at the intruder. She hit his hand, outstretched for the emeralds, and with a yelp of pain he snatched it back, dropping the revolver as he did so. For one instant they confronted each other, but as she raised the poker to strike again the burglar hunched his head between his shoulders and made a dash for the door. In a moment he was out of the room, and the Princess, panting wildly, could hear his footsteps growing fainter and fainter on the stone stairs. Slamming the door, she leant on it, her heart thumping, and her eyes shining. The room was filled with a horrible scorching smell, but the emeralds still lay on the mantelpiece where she had put them. With a cry of triumph she pounced on them and locked them away in the drawer of her desk. They were safe—so she was safe. It only remained to ring up the police.

The Princess had no telephone, and for a moment she wondered what she should do. Then she thought of the Sandford-Smythes. Of course, they often let her use their telephone, and besides, she was longing to tell them, her only friends, about her adventure. Cautiously she opened the door of her flat. The stairs were dark and quite silent. Whoever the intruder was, he must have gone now, out through the front door and up the street. Poor man, she thought for a second, I must have burned his hand terribly. That disgusting scorching smell! Taking a deep breath of the fresh air of the landing, she started down the stairs.

Two minutes later she tapped on her friends' door. It was opened almost at once by their sleepy maid.

"Would it be inconvenient if I asked to use the telephone?" enquired the Princess.

The maid paused for a moment and looked dubiously over her shoulder into the flat. Then—

"I don't know, I'm sure, mum," she answered. "You see, the master just came in with a terrible bad hand, and Mrs. Sandford-Smythe is doing it up for him."

Hardly recognising her own voice, the Princess thanked her. She quite understood, she said, and was sorry to have disturbed them. Turning, she climbed slowly up the stairs again. She felt very old and very lonely. Through her head ran the tune:

"I have a friend
Who is gentle and kind.
And I would not change him
For ten fields of barley
Or a great Lord in boots of red
leather."

When she shut, and bolted, the door of her own flat she was crying bitterly.

THE END.

The Golf Coupon from any one issue of the BYSTANDER *during the current month must accompany any entry for the* BYSTANDER *Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon. Secretary of the Club must sign the card* and certify the scratch score of the course. *Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, Hazelwood, Hunton Bridge, King's Langley, Herts., *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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Motoring Commentary

An Accident in 1839

By "Spare Wheel"

HAVE we really progressed in the last hundred years? Sometimes I am given to wonder. Consider this extract from a copy of *The Times* towards the end of 1839: "The intelligence of Lord Brougham's death, believed so generally and with so much confidence throughout the whole of Monday last, and on authority believed to be so unquestionable, owed no part of its circulation to this journal. . . . That there was an accident and a fearful one is perfectly true. The axle of the noble and learned Lord's carriage having broken, the horses kicked out and ran away. But his lordship and his companions were happily extricated from their perilous condition and walked back several miles to Brougham Hall."

Allowing for the pomposity of the language, what a light it casts on the security of life in those peaceful and sheltered times that so minor an accident (as we would consider it) as the breaking of an axle and the possibility of a kick from a frightened horse should earn the epithets "fearful" and "perilous"! In Finland, Poland and Germany to-day, as in Spain two years ago and America in the days of the Dillingers and Al Capones, human life is as cheap as in the Dark Ages; but in the England that Lord Brougham once ruled—an England still free from the gangsters, major and minor—we have learnt that we must daily face as a matter of course risks to life and limb that would have appalled our gentle forefathers.

The day I read that paragraph in *The Times*, I was given an account of a road accident in which a friend was concerned. It was nothing much—far too trivial indeed to get even into the local paper—though it would, of course, have been "news," if not a "fearful" accident, had some great public figure been involved. My friend was driving along a narrowish country road at a good pace when she saw another car approaching. As they were about to meet, the other car, without the slightest warning, turned sharp across her bows. My friend stood on everything and, as she said afterwards, kept her head and held the violently bucking car as well as she could. But there was no room to get clear. The cars collided, and my friend went right over endwise.

Help was procured and she was able herself to drive the loaned car home, her passenger—an older lady, who was badly shaken but no worse hurt—still proclaiming her complete confidence in my friend's driving. The roof of her car was badly crumpled but the doors still opened, which says something for the steel body, and shock and bruises were all the human damage, and a week later it had almost been forgotten. The astonishing part of the affair was its cause. The driver of the other car was a mobile patrol officer. He was intending to turn right after my friend had passed, but as he slowed for the turn his foot slipped from the brake-pedal to the accelerator. He was perfectly frank about it, which should go to his credit, since it meant that he was bound to lose his job. A mobile policeman, if involved in a smash, has to prove that there was nothing he could have done to avoid it or else he goes back to ordinary police work. Apart from its unusual cause, it was just one of those things that are liable to happen in these days of progress, with the luck on the side of all concerned.

THE direct effects of the war on motoring in its first six months are now known. Aided and abetted by Sir John Simon's 25s. tax and the fuel rationing, it has caused the scrapping or laying-up of just on 900,000 motor vehicles. The total number of vehicles licensed at the beginning of this year was 2,378,000, and a year ago it was 3,131,000. That was a drop of 753,000, and normally there is an increase between one January and the next of about 200,000 vehicles. Receipts were £22,774,000 against £23,665,000; or a decrease of £891,000.

Taking cars alone, the number licensed this time was 1,149,923, and last year 1,675,751, a fall of 525,828. But at the end of August, just before war broke out, the estimated number of cars in commission was 2,035,000. About 20,000 new cars were registered for the first time in the four months September to December, from which it appears that 900,000 cars are now laid up or scrapped, some put away at the end of September, the rest at the end of the year. A good many of them are beginning to emerge again now. I see that the A.A. were estimating a 40 per cent. increase in the main-road traffic during the first week after Summer Time started.

This was more or less what I had been led to expect; the big insurers were saying before Christmas that 50 per cent. of their clients were not renewing. And yet the Treasury and the Chancellor anticipated a much more complete cessation of, at any rate, private motoring. When he introduced his April Budget with the 25s. tax, Sir John Simon estimated that it would give him an additional £6,000,000 this year and that motor vehicle duties would yield in all £43,450,000 between April 1 and March 31, 1940. But in September, in his war Budget, he estimated that those duties, because of the war and the petrol rationing, would only bring him in £22,000,000. Like so many people who cling to the notion that the railway is still the main form of transport in a modern State and the car mainly the toy of the rich, he was right off the mark. Thousands of owners put their cars away, but the number who kept theirs going, who could not do without their cars, to whom a car was not a luxury but sheer necessity, was larger. The revenue from motor vehicle duties for the year will be lower than in 1938-39, in spite of the 25s. duty, but it will be something like £12,000,000 more than Sir John Simon reckoned on.

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Don't let the War interfere with your Charities!

STEVE FAIRBAIRN, the great Cambridge rowing coach, used to say something to his undergraduate crews: "Don't let your work interfere with your rowing!"—we now say, don't let the war interfere with your charity. Many causes, hard hit by war conditions, need your help more than ever. Again, many find their work suddenly expanded by further calls on them by sick and wounded. Here we mention four particularly deserving causes.

The N.S.P.C.C.

EVERYBODY concerned with the welfare of children knows the value of the work of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. For fifty-six years it has befriended the needy child. At this time the Society is doing its utmost to see that children do not suffer through war conditions. Whether it be dealing with special problems of families where the father is with the Colours, or in evacuation difficulties, or in its ordinary task of preventing neglect and ignorant treatment, the N.S.P.C.C. exercises tact and understanding to achieve its object—"an endurable life for every child." Altogether over 5,000,000 children have been helped to a better chance in life.

The Silver Lady Fund

MISS BETTY BAXTER, the "Silver Lady" of London nights, still distributes from her now famous café hot tea and bread and dripping to homeless men and women. She has expanded her work as well. When 300 sick and injured soldiers were landed in England recently, there was the Silver Lady canteen ready for them. Hot tea, cigarettes and chocolate go into the hands that need them most.

Miss Baxter, in appealing for your help, issues the warning that no collectors are employed by her. All gifts should be sent direct to her at 6, Tudor Street, E.C.4.

Barnardo's Homes

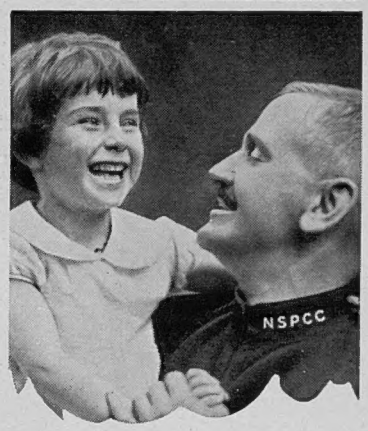
DR. BARNARDO'S Homes still continue to admit an average of five destitute children every working day and war will not weaken their resolve to give help to any boy or girl in need of care and protection. The Charter, "No destitute child ever refused admission," has been extended, while hostilities continue, to those children whose fathers have suffered sudden reversal in fortune by reason of their having been called to the Colours and many, alas, who may become suddenly orphaned.

Unhappily, Dr. Barnardo's Homes themselves have suffered already the loss of several of their old boys in the present conflict, though they are proud to reveal that they know already of 2325 of their lads who are now serving on land, sea and air. As Easter draws near, Dr. Barnardo's Homes plead for their great family of 8250 children. Offerings may be sent to 74, Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.

The Royal Cancer Hospital

UNLESS support is quickly forthcoming, and in generous measure, the work of this institution is in sore danger of being seriously restricted. The hospital is entirely dependent on the generosity of the public. Patients are admitted and treated free without letters or payment. The disease itself makes such demands upon the physical constitution of the sufferer that the standard of food supplied to patients must be higher than in other hospitals. Treatment by radiation, too, is extremely costly. For example, an X-ray tube with a life of only 600 hours costs approximately £200.

Apart from its therapeutic activities, the Royal Cancer Hospital also maintains a large staff of research workers who are devoting their lives to an unrelenting search for the cause and cure of cancer. Common humanity demands that the curtailment—or even closure—of this institution should not happen. The Secretary, The Royal Cancer Hospital (Free), Fulham Road, London, S.W.3, will gratefully receive donations.



Our First Duty—THE CHILDREN

The War is no excuse for neglecting our ill-treated children. The N.S.P.C.C. must carry on without curtailing its National work . . . or many little sufferers will endure needless misery.

To-day, more cases of ignorant treatment and fewer of deliberate ill-usage lead to the second meaning for the famous initials . . .

N.S.P.C.C.
NATIONAL SOCIETY for the PROTECTION & CARE of CHILDREN

Your gift will be most welcome to Sir G. Wyatt Truscott, Bt., Hon. Treasurer. Full information supplied by Wm. J. Elliott, O.B.E., Director, National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, Victory House, Leicester Sq., London, W.C.2

DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES
and the **ARMED FORCES**

Barnardo old boys now known to be serving in the Forces:

In the Navy	794
In the Army	552
In the Royal Air Force ..	54
In the Royal Marines ..	37
In the Australian Navy ..	2
In the Australian Army ..	25
In the South African Navy	1
In the Canadian Navy ..	1
In the Canadian Contingents	163
In the Mercantile Marine ..	696
Total	2,325

7 *have already made the supreme sacrifice.*

8,250 once destitute children are constantly in the care of the Homes, whilst a further **3,000** are partially supported.

10/- will feed one child for 10 days.

EASTER GIFTS in support of this NATIONAL WORK would be gratefully welcomed.

Some Barnardo old boys NOW SERVING

Cheques, etc. (crossed), payable Dr. Barnardo's Homes, should be sent to 74 Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.

A CAUSE *worth fighting for*

Many worthy institutions have appealed to the public conscience for help. But surely none so humane as the crusade against Cancer. This dreadful disease claimed 74,000 victims last year alone. YOU can help us to keep this number down. YOUR practical help given freely now will help us to continue the fight with unabated Treatment and Research which in these difficult times costs us more than ever.

Take an interest in this great cause, join us in the effort to discover knowledge, relieve the suffering, defeat despair, lower the death roll, win through to ultimate success.

Please send a special Easter Gift to the Secretary.

The Royal Cancer Hospital
(FREE)
FULHAM ROAD - LONDON, S.W.3

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Ski-ing — The Parsenn Derby.
Rowing — A novel idea from Cambridge.
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